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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

OUR SOLDIERS.

BY MRS. F. B. M. BROTHERSON.

God protect them!
In the joyous, rosy morning,
In the fervid noontide hour,
When the gentle twilight falleth,
With its sweet and soothing power;
When the golden stars are shining,
Keeping watch and ward on high,
When the midnight doth enshroud them,
With its veil of mystery.

God protect them!
When they walk amid green valleys,
When they tread the mountain's side,
When their footsteps have grown weary,
And their brave hearts sore and tried;
When fatigue, with clutching fingers,
Shall assail their spirit strings,
And a cloud seems gathering darkly
O'er earth's best and brightest things.

God protect them!
When with souls undaunted, fearless,
To the battle field they go,
When they stand, amid red carnage,
Hand to hand with fiercest foe,
Shield them from the speeding missile,
From the aim of vengeful wrath,
From the fierce shot, streaming, pouring,
Falling darkly 'round their path.

God protect them!
When among the warring legions,
Floats the winged shadow by,
And the shriek of mortal anguish
Rises mournfully on high;
When upon the greensward sinketh,
Manly forms—to rise no more,
And strong hands grow pale—to give back
Kindly pressure—nevermore.

God protect them!
If their faithful feet shall falter
'Mid the battle's cloud of flame,
And their pallid lips shall murmur
With a blessing, some dear name;
Soothe their pillow, keep beneath them,
Guardian arms of His strong love,
Woo their dimming eye, to gaze on
Radiant, peaceful homes above.

God protect them!
Give them victory, give them triumph,
Crown their brows with laurels fair,
Guide their homeward steps in safety,
With their spirits free from care;
Then, upon our hills unconquered,
Dovelike peace shall fold her wing,
And our Union, firm, unbroken,
Be a holy, sacred thing.

Peoria, Ill.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

AIME.

BY G. H. S. HALL.

I sit beside a dimpled stream;
And as I sit, I sleep and dream;
And in my dream a face I see,
But whose it is—is naught to thee.

I see a pair of tender eyes,
That fill me with a sweet surprise;
And in those eyes sweet thoughts I see,
But what about—is naught to thee.

I see some locks of chesnut brown,
O'er hang a forehead like a crown;
And on those locks a light I see,
But why it shines—is naught to thee.

And thus beside the tuneful stream
I sit and sleep, and sleeping dream;
And still within that dream I see
A face I love—'tis naught to thee.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

A WOMAN'S MISTAKE;

Or, Lights and Shadows of the Frontier.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY FRANCIS FULLER BARRITT.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER III.

THE NEW HOME.

"Let me see," wrote Eleanor to Nymphea, "if I can make a picture which you can clearly discern through the perspective of a thousand miles. I have selected my stand-point on a lofty peak belonging to a chain of bluffs running north and south, upon the west side of the river, which they border. This chain continues high and unbroken toward the south for many miles, crowned with dwarfish hard-wood timber, and is skirted at the foot by a narrow strip of bottom-land, on which there is a thrifty growth of young cottonwoods. This part of my picture takes on various shades of green—light in the bottom-lands, dark on the hills, with an occasional touch of brown and russet for bare spaces, or glimpses of limestone rock. The side, or face of the bluffs, toward the river is generally very precipitous, and is festooned with wild grape and other vines, which hang by the small shrubs and wild fruit bushes, or even climb high into tall trees, in the most fanciful manner, making all manner of pretty arbors and shady covers. In many places the face of the bluffs is broken by a wide ravine, which runs narrowing back for half a mile to the open prairie, gradually ascending all the way, like a funnel with the small end resting on the top of the hill, the upper side of which is formed by the over-arching trees and clambering vines. Out from these main gorges extend other smaller ravines, penetrating the bluffs transversely, and just the smaller copies of the large ones, forming the most secluded and lonely retreats imaginable. But this minutia, which interests me, does not belong properly to my picture. Let me set a few trees of short growth along the side of the most precipitous bluffs, and turn my back upon this portion of it. I am now standing with my face to the north, and directing you to observe that just where I stand the hills begin to recede from the river, falling back in a crescent, and approaching the river again several miles above. All is perfectly clear. There is no difficulty in distinguishing objects miles away in this crystal atmosphere. At this divergence of the bluffs the timber ceases, except as here and there mere groves adorn the slopes of the gently rolling heights, now no longer called by the significant name of bluffs. The point in the arc thus formed, most distant from the river, is probably two miles; and the ground which it encloses, a nearly level table-land, elevated considerably above the strip of sandy bottom which skirts the river. Two small creeks, that lingeringly wind along in a hundred graceful curves, discover to us their course by the fringe of young trees upon their banks, the grouping of little clumps of elms, or the disporting of their waters in order to embrace several tiny islands with their clusters of waving willows. The absence of forest gives to the scene a look of the highest art—the art of having successfully copied some softest mood of Nature. While I color this serene landscape, let me not forget to notice the glistening of the long grass, as it ripples like water before the breeze; nor to introduce shadows of the clouds that glide so softly over it, like white-sailed ships over a summer sea.

"Now look to the east for the other half of the picture. Four or five miles away, running parallel to the western range, is another chain of wholly naked bluffs, broken up into inconceivably picturesque varieties of shape; the universal reddish brown tint of which is rendered agreeable by the shadows, so soft and frequent, made by their own indentations of surface. Between us and that distant range lie miles of unbroken meadow-land, whose emerald plane furnishes the other half of an amphitheatre of seven or eight miles in one direction, and a little less than that in the other, nearly through the centre of which flow the waters of that great western river, surnamed the 'mad.'

"Running imaginary diameters from north to south, from east to west, the southwestern quarter of the amphitheatre will be found to contain rather a greater sum of beauty than either of the others, from its southern boundary of wood-crowned hills, its western back-ground of high prairie, commencing in long smooth slopes that stretch away a quarter of a mile to their summits; its greater nearness to the river and the creeks that are tributary to it, and its position, which commands a more complete view of the whole than either of the other quarters. This would have been my decision, had not the question been already settled by the projectors of City South, who have marked it by fifty or sixty new dwellings of modest size, and a few public buildings. Nor is the picture yet complete, for away at the northern horn of our crescent is another cluster of freshly-built houses, indicating a rival city in its twin infancy. This, City North, with City East nestled at the foot of the eastern bluffs, and our own, make three cities within the circle of our amphitheatre.

"This is no mean view then, which takes in several miles of beautiful country, three cities, and a section of the mighty Missouri!

"But let your eye run along this backward sweep of hills to where, half a mile away, the grandest of them sends out a long spur southeasterly, toward the river. That particular eminence I have named the Chieftain; and just this side of it, concealed from City South, and sheltered from the winds, is *your* home that is to be, mine for the present, and already christened Valley Home. Through this valley runs Silver Water creek, and where the ridge approaches the Chieftain, a dense grove of considerable extent hides from us the sunset fires. The earliest sunrise gilds it, the noonday sun glints warmly down upon it, but when the day declines cool shadows creep early over it from the west, and no terrible north wind can ever shriek under its low-roofed verandahs. Valley Home is a simple, modern-looking cottage, with amplitude of roof and ground floors, and when it is finished will be as nice and cozy a nest as possible. My great grief is that I shall ever have to leave it; but with you in it, I shall be too happy to complain.

"Half-way down the north side of the Chieftain hangs a bird-cage of a house—a mere shell, resting one edge against the hill, and supported on the lower side by naked posts, intended for a basement, but not having any—innocent of paint or plaster, undivided by partitions, and looking always as if ready to mount up and fly away on the first breeze. This excrescence on the Chieftain's noble front, which I call the Dove Cote, is the property of a Methodist minister, and Herbert talks of buying it. When he does so, I shall prepare my ascension robes, for I shall be certain of a flitting to regions unknown some windy night."

Thus wrote Eleanor of the new home, from which it will be seen that her love of the beautiful was satisfied, whatever else she might be wanting.

Mr. Howard was equally well pleased, not only with the beauty of the country, but with its business prospects; and Herbert seemed satisfied, though he refused to join in the enterprises of his friends, and continued to act only as Mr. Greame's agent. He had taken a claim for him, and put on it a half-breed family—Henry and Emily Tontine. He had also erected the cottage of which Eleanor wrote, and which was to be occupied by its owner before winter set in. The Greames were only waiting until the tiny White Rose which had budded in their house should be grown enough to bear transplanting before they came on.

Shortly after, sometime in September, Eleanor wrote again: "I have met several old friends since I came here. The pretty little Sara Osborne, whom I met at City East, is living near me. Mr. Osborne had no fortune of his own, and, to judge by appearances, is squandering Sara's as fast as he can. There is a great deal of gaiety among us, and I am often surprised at the recklessness of our gentlemen in plunging into the wildest dissipation. They certainly are guilty of excesses here which they would be ashamed of at home. But, taking it all in all, we have a very good and intelligent community.

"We have moved into the Dove Cote, which, however, Herbert has not purchased; and a small affair it is—not more than sixteen by twenty feet, with not a partition in it. It is astonishing how expansive or contractile we are, according to circumstances. Once, Herbert and myself would have required a dozen rooms to keep house in; now we have one, and keep a few boarders beside. Everybody here has a boarder; our houses are overflowing with people. You would be amused at my housekeeping. I understand parallels and meridians much better than when I studied geography, having to divide my one room into several by purely imaginary lines. The only real partition in my house is made by hanging an otherwise useless carpet over a joist near the centre, which, depending to the floor, serves to hide my kitchen from the parlor, dining-room and library, on the other side. I once had a great horror of having anything under a bed, but find that, in houses only sixteen by twenty, it is the receptacle most depended upon, where boxes, tubs and baskets, *ad infinitum*, are of necessity deposited.

"The weather is delightful, and since we came up here to live I have enjoyed it very much. Mr. Howard, who boards with us, expresses his belief that I am enamored of the ghost of some kingly Indian which haunts this hill—a soft impeachment I think it unimportant to deny. Every evening I ascend to the brow to watch the shadows lengthen over the most beautiful of landscapes. The sun goes down just behind a point of the hill a little farther north, and as it sinks below the verge of the boundless prairie, the shade of my Chieftain has glided quite to the river's edge and become merged in the universal twilight. I gaze awhile at the rosy tint still lingering along the horizon, the reflection of the crimson sunset-glory over my shoulder, then turn as it fades away, to behold almost within my reach the splendid evening star, just risen from the dark shadows of the whispering grove behind me—thinking that thus sprang Minerva from the godlike brow of Jove. Breathless with awe and delight, I slowly descend this to me sacred hill, reciting as I go some of those charming poems we used to read together.

"You will think I am completely in love with my new home, and not be far wrong; but as all perfection must have a blemish, I have found out one for this climate. The *winds* are really terrific; and so nervous have I become from listening to their frightful carousals, that I sometimes hardly close my eyes from dark till dawn. I hope this annoyance will be partly removed when our house comes to be finished; since then I shall not hear it so distinctly as now, with only a plank between me and the tempest. I quite envy you Valley Home, which is the prettiest sheltered nook in the world."

Let us here glide over several months of time, only stopping to mention the arrival of the Greames at Valley Home, and the forming of a law partnership between Adam Greame and Col. Pinkney.

Meanwhile City South grew and flourished like Jonah's gourd. The winter had been light and emigration was uninterrupted. It would have astonished a mind not used to progress to have seen the giant strides of the infant capital—for a capital was City South. But the world is now so teeming with intellectual might that there may always be found a few who, choosing to make a centre for themselves, give attraction to it, and draw after them thousands by the simple force of their magnetic wills. Men no longer seek that bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth; and the walks of science and literature are too toilsome and long—therefore it has come to be the age's peculiarity that men seek the golden road to position through the avenues of commerce or wild speculation, if unable or unwilling to take the lead in the petty politics of the day.

City South had, therefore, its politicians, its speculators, its land monopolists, as well as its regular professional men and tradesmen. It was a miniature city; containing, in the eyes of its enthusiastic projectors, the germs of a great metropolis, as the acorn contains the oak. Captains, Generals, Colonels, Judges, Doctors and Governors, were as plenty as leaves in spring, so anxious were these titled gentlemen to become landed proprietors as well. And most of them were successful in what they aspired to. The spring opened dry and warm, and business throve in the Territory. Emigrants for City South and for rival places were daily arriving. Hotels and boarding-houses were filled; and everybody that could retreated from their uncomfortableness into private houses. It so happened that Nymphea felt compelled to allow Col Pinkney to domesticate himself with the inmates of Valley Home, and that Eleanor took Dr. Cole to board with her.

This unavoidable admixture of heterogeneous elements in the in imate relationship of families, huddled together in small and inconvenient houses, proved at first rather trying to the ladies of the different households; but use made it less repulsive; and a better acquaintance finally placed them upon easy and agreeable terms with each other.

The friendship and intimacy which had so long existed between Nymphea and Eleanor seemed more than ever binding under their new circumstances, and was a firm bond between the families, mingling their pleasures, and, as far as practicable, their business. In this latter respect, it was true that there could not be much of a community, because Mr. Lightfoot was not a professional man; and such business as he derived from the firm of Pinkney and Greame was but an occasional agency in some claim-hunting or claim-buying enterprise. Indeed there was as yet very little done in the regular professions; and all sorts of men alike were engaged in claiming land, or buying and selling the claims of others; a state of affairs which produced much actual idleness in all classes, and left much time to be consumed in pleasure-seeking, and every kind of artificial excitement. Not only the men felt the lack of anything to employ their energies, but women also could not be forever interested in the petty and tiresome concerns of their usually unattractive homes. In this condition of suppressed desire for action, excursions about the country, as the season advanced, became the escape-valve for pent-up enthusiasm, and were in great favor with Valley Home neighborhood, and especially with Nymphea and Eleanor. Gerald Floyd, Dr. Cole, Mr. Howard or Col. Pinkney, sometimes singly, sometimes two or three at a time, accompanied the ladies, but seldom Adam Greame or Mr. Lightfoot—the one being a man of close habits of business, the other being indifferent to the pleasure. On these excursions the party, if not too large, went in a light wagon which belonged on the Greame farm, and Henry Tontine went as driver. It frequently happened that the driver was not the least interesting as well as not the least useful member of the party.

The "moon of leaves," the fair and volatile May, had come with its budding roses and half-ripened strawberries, and the country looked never more beautiful. Nymphea had heard that a large company of Latter Day Saints were encamped near City North, and full of curiosity about them, set out one bright afternoon in company with Gerald, Eleanor, Lida, the children, and the Virginian, on horseback, to make a visit to this much-talked-of and peculiar people. The weather was charming, "a perfect inspiration," the Colonel said, and all the rest agreed. Everybody laughed and talked in a higher key than usual; Master Ion prattled, and Mlle. Rose Blanche cooed; the Colonel's horse caracoled, and the whole scene, animate and inanimate, was exhilarating. Arrived at City North, a beautiful sight gladdened their eyes. Spread over the hill-side, just outside of town, were about one hundred wagons, covered with snow-white canvas, and ranged in a hollow square. Through the centre of this square was erected a wide arbor, covered with branches of trees, willows and long dry reeds from the river bottom. Between this arbor and the wagons was the general working-ground of the women, who were engaged variously, in cooking by tiny sheet-iron stoves, churning, sewing, spinning or knitting. Inside the arbor were a few idle or invalid men and women, and many young children at play. So picturesque yet homelike was the scene, that our visiters began to feel the possible indelicacy of intruding upon a society so well ordered and conservative. But just at the gate of this impromptu city they were met by an elderly man of a dignified deportment, who invited them to walk into the "social hall," and be seated, an invitation which was accepted. Mr. Floyd introduced the ladies, and in return the gentleman announced himself as Capt. Raly, an Elder, and one of the oldest pioneers amongst the "Saints."

"You have admirable order and comfort in your encampment," remarked Pinkney.

"Cleanliness, industry and order belong to our faith," returned Raly. "It would be impossible to conduct so many people on so long a journey, without great loss and suffering, unless these habits were enjoined upon them."

"That is most true. How long have you been a pioneer?"

"Ever since the troubles in Illinois. I was with the people when they were driven out, and have been with them ever since in my present capacity. We rested here the winter after our expulsion from Nauvoo. I was with the first company that ever took a wagon through to the Pacific."

"Indeed! You say you rested here; how many did you number at that time?"

"There were about seventeen thousand souls in Nauvoo. A pioneer camp had started from Illinois, in pursuance of a promise we had made that State, to select another home, when the difficulties arose which drove the people after us at the point of the bayonet. The aged and sick, and the poor, had to go without opportunity for preparation, so that it was a long time before they came up with us; and many died by the way. The trail was never deserted for many months. Our camps stretched from the Mississippi to the Missouri; and the Grand Encampment, hearing of the distress of those behind, waited for them to come on. The corn and grain we had stopped to sow by the wayside grew and ripened for their use; yet there was much suffering and famine, and the summer had lengthened into autumn before we were in a condition to proceed. It was then too late for the Grand Camp to go forward, and we turned our attention to making the most comfortable provision possible for the winter. City East was built by us; City North is laid out on our old foundations; we occupied this country for two years, and had farms all along the river, breaking up the soil which has now become so valuable to you. We have hundreds of *graves* here too."

"A most remarkable history!" said Pinkney. "You look with a little envy, I presume, on these more fortunate late-comers, who are enjoying the benefits of your labor?"

"Not at all; we have the most beautiful country and city imaginable. Beside, those who choose can claim the pre-emptor's right to these farms first settled on by themselves."

"Is there much emigration to your country from the States?" asked Gerald.

"Not as much as formerly. The larger proportion of this company are foreigners—some English, some Swedes and Norwegians."

A pretty child of ten years had been hanging about Nymphea, playing with the curls of Ion's hair, and chirruping to Rose.

"Would you like to have this baby to amuse you?" asked Nymphea, smiling at the amiable little stranger.

The child returned the smile, but made no answer.

"She is a Swede," explained Raly, "and has not learned much English."

"A beautiful little girl," returned Nymphea.

"Ninette!" said Raly, in a rebuking voice, "go get these ladies some cool water;" and, motioning to a bucket that stood on a bench close by, he signed her to go to the spring. The child went with alacrity to fetch the water, but cast behind her lingering glances at Rose. "She is an orphan, whose parents died at sea," continued Raly; "rather spoiled and forward, but smart, and a wonderful singer."

Ninette soon returned with a bucket of cool spring water, which she proceeded to offer to each in a tin-cup.

Eleanor asked if she could be prevailed upon to sing. At a word from Raly, the child commenced her song, giving utterance to the most wonderful tone and expression, and seemingly so absorbed in her own performance as to be quite unconscious of the effect she produced upon others. Her large blue eyes were raised with a rapt and tender steadfastness to the roofing of the arbor, her small, fair hands clasped closely, and her whole attitude one of inspiration.

"A second Miriam!" ejaculated Pinkney.

The first song had been in the Swedish tongue, but at a whisper from Raly she broke forth into that most touching chaunt, "By the rivers of Babylon we sat down and wept; we wept when we remembered Zion!"

Though the accents of the singer were broken and unanglicised, the sensation produced in her listeners' minds was one of intense sympathy. Eleanor and Nymphea bent their heads over the children, and Lida wept outright. When Ninette concluded the chaunt, she went and leaned upon Lida's lap and looked timidly and pityingly into her eyes, as if to find out if the song, whose words *she* did not understand, had affected her so deeply. The gentlemen stroked her hair, and each of the ladies kissed her at leave-taking. Gerald thanked Captain Raly for the entertainment.

As the party returned to their conveyances, they noticed that nearly every wagon had a little box, like a horse-trough, hanging in the rear, in which were growing radishes, lettuce, and the like early garden stuff. Fowls, in cages, occupied similar positions at the sides, or on top.

"These people have reduced emigration to a science," remarked Eleanor, as she observed the women at their washing by the creek, and the girls gathering sorrel on the hills.

"Which way now?" demanded Gerald.

"Let us keep up this road a few miles," suggested Pinkney. There is some fine scenery in that direction."

"Before coming here," said Nymphea, "I had in some way carelessly adopted the opinion that this was an almost unexplored region. But Eleanor here, who is always wiser than I, has given me some new ideas. Indeed this country, so *new* in my estimation, while she is talking of it, seems full of a mysterious antiquity; the more so, I suppose, since the events which have taken place here have left so few legible traces."

"There are those among the Indian traders who tell of Jesuit missions far north of this in ruins—which bring to mind the romantic histories of those zealous men who came out with the Spaniards two centuries ago, carrying their religion far into the depths of the wilderness, along these mighty western rivers, living and dying in utter self-abnegation," added Pinkney.

"Then, too," continued Gerald, "there is the history of the various Indian wars, known only to those adventurous traders; and later, of the introduction of forts for the protection of the 'American Fur Company,' and of the Protestant missions; and later still, of the Mormon occupation, all of which makes up quite a fund of events that need a historian."

"To which office I should not know whether to appoint you or the Colonel," said Nymphea, laughing.

"What delicious perfume is this?" asked Eleanor. "I should certainly pronounce it heliotrope in any other place."

"It is the fragrance of the wild summer grape," answered Lida; "I found it out yesterday, when I was looking for the head of the Silver Water. I could not make out what it was until I came into a grape thicket, where the green feathery blossoms brushed against my face."

"If the ladies will stop a minute, I will get them some flowers," said Pinkney. "Here are honeysuckle, pink, larkspur and spiderwort, all growing alongside."

"You are something of a florist, I perceive," said Eleanor, as he gathered and arranged the flowers.

"It is an art I learned for the sake of the ladies—sweets to the sweet," answered Pinkney, presenting her with a bouquet.

"You have forgotten my heliotrope," she said, without examining her nosegay.

"In the centre of that group of flowers you will find it, I assure you. As the soul, the essence of life, is hidden away in some central part of our being, so, when I make a bouquet, I never forget to place the sweetest fragrance where it shall be defended from bruises by the grouping about it of more superficial beauties, as well as where its sweetness may be diffused through the whole to the greatest advantage," returned the Virginian.

"I shall not be satisfied with my bouquet unless it comes accompanied by as fine a speech as that just expended upon Mrs. Lightfoot," said Nymphea, gaily.

"What could I say to *you*—also your favorite the most poetical of flowers—*lotus Nymphea*, water lily?" asked Pinkney.

"That will do!" she laughed. "And now I fear you are so nearly exhausted that Lida will have to take hers without any poetry at all."

"Which would be a great omission, considering the quality," put in Gerald, tartly.

"Floyd prefers making poetry to Miss Annalida himself, perhaps," retorted Pinkney. "Will she do me the favor to accept my flowers, since I am not permitted to speak?"

Lida took the offered blossoms with a smile and a blush that was not altogether unheeded by either of the gentlemen; and the party moved on again.

"Going back to the subject of the Mormons," said Eleanor, "the faith which sustained them under such trials and difficulties has something very touching about it—after all, like any other faith, perhaps—for *genuine faith*, in anything never so absurd, has wonderful power and efficacy 'to remove mountains.'"

"Quite true," answered Pinkney; "but some one has averred concerning these Mormons, that the secret of their success is in appealing to a common feeling—in ministering to *one* universal want. They contrast strongly the miraculous power of the gospel in apostolic times, with the present state of our nominal Christianity. They ask for *signs* of Divine power—the *faith overcoming all things*, which opened the prison doors of the apostles—gave power over the elements—rebuked disease and death itself—and made visible the power of the living God. They speak a language of hope to weak and weary hearts who have wandered from sect to sect, seeking in vain for the primal manifestations of divine power."

"They seem to offer to the wavering, a living and potent Christianity, in place of that which passes by the name of Christ's religion in the world; and with this decoy of miracles performed, ensnare the longing hearts that really desire Christ's love and peace," added Eleanor.

Just then a turn in the road brought them suddenly in sight of a little comedy.

Coming down a long hill, in full view, was a gentleman, whom our friends had hardly time to observe before the sturdy little Indian pony he was riding gave a flourish with his heels that sent his master rolling over his head down the road, and under the very feet of their horses, which were drawn up with such violence they almost came upon their haunches. The individual who had performed this unexpected feat of tumbling was quite unharmed, and hastily brushing the dust from his eyes, hurried after his truant pony as fast as his rather short legs and somewhat plethoric habit would allow him. The laughter of the party was "not loud, but deep," at sight of his ineffectual efforts to come up with the vicious little animal, which tossed its long mane triumphantly in the wind, and started off on a brisk canter, whenever his master came near.

"Here is an opportunity for our knight to succor the distressed," said Nymphea, as Pinkney's horse stood restively champing the bit.

"A good thought, fair lady," he replied; and touching his impatient steed smartly with his riding-whip, set off at a hard gallop to overtake the stranger's pony, which, having got a long distance ahead, was now quietly grazing by the wayside. After a little racing, the pony was captured and returned to its owner.

"That man is a Methodist preacher," said the Colonel, again joining our friends. "He says his name is Smoothly, and that he shall preach next Sabbath in City South. I was commissioned to invite you all to attend."

"He is afraid you will be converted to Mormonism, perhaps," remarked Henry Tontine.

"Why did you not come with us to see the Saints?" asked Nymphea.

"I have seen so many of them, madame, I have no curiosity."

"Were you here when they first came into this country?"

"I have seen those eastern bluffs whitened with their tents, at the same time such numbers were crossing the river that, from bluff to bluff, the crowd of wagons, cattle and people was dense as it could move; and have heard their hymns from daylight till dark, as their caravan crept slowly on over the hills, always moving, but never out of sight for days. I could show you, some day," continued Henry, "the ravine through which they made their first road over the bluffs, from the ferry. It is thickly overgrown with the bushes of the black raspberry now, and I often go there with Emily when the fruit is ripe, but never without hearing the Grand Camp's Brass Band play Hail Columbia, as it did one splendid July morning, nine years ago."

"It must have been very grand," said Eleanor; "and I do not wonder at the zeal of the people, when I hear of the enthusiasm and intrepidity of their leaders."

"The few whites who were here at that time had no great love for the Mormons, no matter what the merits of their religion might have been," remarked Henry.

"Why?" asked Gerald; "were they quarrelsome or dishonest?"

"They had a way of spiriting off property and cattle which left no traces, but left as little doubt as to the thieves. There were 'Gentile' merchants among them, who brought goods up from St. Louis for their supplies; and these merchants kept a police; still a hogshead of sugar, or a quantity of other groceries, would now and then mysteriously disappear, without the robbery ever being traced to any certain persons. The cask might be found in the river, but the sugar had been distributed in such small quantities that no proof could be discovered by search. I did not blame them much—many of them were so poor, and had suffered so much at the hands of the 'Gentiles.' My brother used to employ them on his farm, and found them good workmen and industrious. The Pottowattamies gave them much assistance, both in work and charity; but our people were too poor."

"Why do the roses grow so thickly along here in straight lines?" asked Lida.

"This is probably an old wagon road," said Gerald.

"I have noticed them often, in our drives," said Lida; "but cannot get accustomed to the idea of *old* roads in this new country."

"We are not far from some that are thirty years old," remarked Henry.

"That's older than you are."

"Yes, five years, or so; but my father was a trader in those days; and the United States had a fort for the protection of the 'Fur Company,' a few miles above here."

"We have not time to visit the fort this afternoon," said Nymphea, consulting her watch; "but you must take us to see it some time soon, Henry. It is time for us housekeepers to be going home."

At this word of command, the party turned their faces homeward. The sun was getting low when they reached an eminence overlooking City North and the camp of the Latter Day Saints. The view was beautiful, exceedingly, and drew forth many expressions of admiration and pleasure. While they paused a moment to enjoy the panorama of hills, river and towns, the Colonel's horse gave a start which had like to have precipitated him from his seat. The cause of this alarm appeared from under some sheltering bushes, and a general exclamation of "the little Swede," greeted her appearance. She had a few ripe strawberries in a basket on her arm, and looked shy and startled. Nymphea motioned to her to get into the wagon, which she seemed very eager to do, holding tight Lida's arm, and showing evident signs of trepidation. As they came to the camp she shrank out of sight; and when they wanted to set her down, would not be induced to leave her new friends, but crept under the seat to avoid being seen.

"What shall we do?" asked Nymphea, hesitating.

"Take her along," answered Gerald. "She wants to get away from those people, who have no claims upon her."

"Oh, do!" urged Lida. "She is so fond of Rose, and so pretty."

"Decidedly, take her along," echoed Pinkney. "We will make a Prima Donna of her."

"But what will Capt. Raly say?" demanded Nymphea.

"Why he will want her, of course, to present to President Brigham's choir; and perhaps to become Mrs. Brigham in due time," answered Gerald.

"Drive on!" said Nymphea; and they did drive on, feeling not a little excited by the singular adventure in which they had become so unexpectedly engaged.

Before reaching home they overtook Smoothly on his graceless pony, which jumped violently aside as Henry's lively boys came trotting up behind him.

"Good evening to you, ladies," said the reverend gentleman, in nowise disconcerted by the bad manners of his steed; "this is a fine evening for a drive."

The ladies bowed, and he continued: "I am glad to have met with you. I was coming down to your city to make some calls, and endeavor to procure a better attendance on our Sabbath-day preaching. It is very discouraging preaching to half-a-dozen people, and speaks rather unfavorably of the moral condition of City South. I should be happy to see you out to meeting."

"No doubt you will find some of us in attendance next Sabbath," answered Gerald.

"Who is that lady with the children?" asked Smoothly, determined on an introduction.

"That lady, sir, is my sister, Mrs. Greame," replied Gerald, rather haughtily.

"Ah!—children hardly old enough to learn Sabbath-school lessons. Who are those other ladies?"

"Mrs. Lightfoot and Miss Greame."

"Indeed. Well, I have been sent as a missionary to this country, and shall feel it my duty to call upon all families and inquire into their spiritual condition."

"As most of the families in City South are but just come from countries blest with all the privileges of enlightened nations, I should scarcely think they stood in need of missionary labors," observed Gerald, crisply.

Mr. Smoothly puffed out his fat cheeks, and in pious astonishment rolled up his prominent blue eyes until nothing but the sclerotic coat was visible.

"Ah, you will find, Mr.—what name shall I call you?—Floyd, yes—you will find that wickedness soon gets hold of people in new countries; and they need great vigilance exercised for them by those who have their spiritual well-being in charge."

"Perhaps so," returned Gerald, drily.

"Do drive faster, Henry," whispered Nymphea, who had conceived an intolerable dislike to their new acquaintance; "Ninette will be smothered before we get home."

But Ninette was not smothered, though she looked a good deal frightened when she emerged from her hiding-place, and glanced uneasily around to discover any chance witness to her emergence. Nymphea patted her plump shoulders, in sign of encouragement; and Lida brushed her flaxen hair into better order as soon as they were in the house; while Master Ion pulled at her scant blue gown, and wanted to show her his playthings. This treatment reassured the fugitive, who was soon romping and laughing with baby Rose and her "wee bit" brother.

When Adam Greame was informed of the particulars of her introduction into his family, he laughed heartily.

"You are a little goose, Nymphea," said he. "and will get me into trouble for abducting this child."

"Do you really think there is any danger, Councelior? If there is, I will hide her until the camp is gone."

"But you have not taken the precaution to enforce silence on your accomplices, have you?"

"I did not suppose it necessary; but I will do so immediately. Lida, please run over to Eleanor's before Mr. Lightfoot comes home, and caution her not to speak of it to him or any one; for if it comes to this, that all who know it are accomplices, the fewer the better. And you, Councellor, find the Colonel and Gerald, and ask them not to mention it. I will see Henry in the morning, myself, when he comes in from the farm. I hope I have not done any mischief in gratifying this child. Pretty Nightingale! she wanted her own roses to sing among, and not the dry branches of that Mormon camp."

Councellor Greame's amusement at his wife's alarm was excessive; but he thought it prudent, notwithstanding, to take the precautions she suggested. Gerald, too, although he had been the cause of her consenting, by his timely speech about Brigham Young, could find pleasure in her excitement. After presenting to her mind all the possible evils to arise from the adventure, he ended by asking, "And what if Raly should question us, sis? We should have to confess ourselves to Mr. Smoothly."

"Odious! if he comes to inquire after my spiritual welfare, I shall be positively rude to him."

"That's not the way to get rid of him," said Gerald; "I fancy he likes opposition, by way of stimulating his zeal. Did you observe the devout cast of his eyes? It would have done credit to a cardinal of the times of Charles IX."

"It was shocking! How can a man be such a hypocrite?"

"Who is that you are talking about?" asked Adam Greame.

"A methodist preacher we met on the road to-day; a man whose face would undo all he could say, had he the tongue of an angel, which unfortunately he has not."

"Then he is harmoniously constituted, and in no danger of misleading any one, which is fortunate, if he is not a good man."

"To think of the Church sending such a man as a missionary!" indignantly ejaculated Nymphea. "No wonder his audiences are small."

Gerald laughed merrily at his sister, though he had been so much nettled himself by the stranger's assurance, and prophesied that she would yet go to hear Mr. Smoothly preach.

How idly sometimes we utter oracles!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philhda.]

KATE AND ALICE,

AS SEEN THREE TIMES.

BY LUCERN ELLIOTT.

They looked like twin angels let down from Heaven, as they came tripping hand in hand up the walk in front of Mr. Livingstone's princely mansion. Their rose-bud lips parted, their little lisping tongues coining such sweet words of childish endearment, their dimpled cheeks all aglow with smiles; Kate's dark curls shading the sunny ringlets which danced around the white neck of Alice; her blue eyes, fair cheeks and brow deeply contrasting with those of the brunette Kate. Both dressed in snowy white, their pattering feet encased in such exquisite tiny kid shoes, they looked, in truth, angelic.

Kate was the only child of one whose early marriage with Mr. Hervey had estranged all except her loving sister, Mrs. Livingston. Mr. Hervey was suddenly killed by an accident on the Great Western Railroad when Kate was only a few days old, and her mother, notable to bear the shock, only survived the dread news a few hours. Husband and wife were buried side by side on a calm Sabbath morning. Mrs. Livingston adopted the little orphan as a sister for her own daughter, only a few months old. If parents' vacant places can be filled, they surely were by Mr. Livingston and his wife, who watched over and cared for Kate with a love little inferior to that in which they worshipped Alice.

Years passed since the picture of those two lovely beings, as they came tripping up the walk, was engraved on my memory, and I again visited Mr. Livingston's parlor, as one of the guests to a brilliant party given on Kate's birthday. She was dressed in black velvet, the wide sleeves falling open to the shoulder and lined with pink satin—the rich black lace cape, through which her white shoulders gleamed, vieing with the jet curls, in which crimson flowers were twined. A set of brilliant pearls glittered upon her neck and arms, and as her taper fingers ran over the ivory keys with such a master touch, her rich voice trilling out the lively air, I thought nothing could be as beautiful. But her loveliness found a rival in Alice. She had chosen for the occasion a robe of blue silk, embroidered in gold, wearing no ornaments save her crown of luxuriant brown braids. The long lashes drooped over the soul speaking blue eyes, and the light form moved with a winning, fairy-like grace, and when she touched the keys, the very soul of music swelled out in her soft voice, as the plaintive melody held all spell-bound.

If we admired Kate's quick, active style and brilliant beauty, we were drawn towards Alice with a kind of mysterious feeling, akin to idolatry. Like a fragile gem, too pure for the earth, she seemed to move among us as a spiritual, rather than an earthly being.

At a late hour in the evening, Alice, Mrs. Livingston and myself, were standing near the door which led into the conservatory, and a pause in the conversation caused me to unwillingly overhear a manly voice, saying:

"Kate, I cannot endure suspense; will you not give your love to light my path, that together we may meet life's storms, and bask in her sunshine?"

"George Howard!" said a voice in evident astonishment, "I thought you loved Alice, my sister!"

"Never! I never loved any being but you."

Alice gasped and turned deathly pale, but conquered the emotion so quickly, that Mrs. Livingston did not observe it, as her attention had been directed to another portion of the room. She did not hear, as I had, the stunning blow, which had, in a moment, crushed out the hope in a pure, young heart. The love was still there, but it was prisoned now and would never tremble on those beautiful lips.

We have heard that "woman never loves except in return for love already bestowed; that it is highly indecorous for her to do so." But why should the heart of woman be thus trampled? It cannot be. She cannot guard her affections more than can her brother. She has a heart more susceptible to the influence of affection than man, and while he may love whatever divinity he pleases, and win her if he can, woman must never love until she is requested so to do.

She should guard against displaying an unreciprocated affection, and should never divulge, by word, this great secret of her heart; but we do not think it her duty, even were she capable of such cold-heartedness, to love only by tacit permission of the lords of creation.

Alice loved George Howard with all the devotion of her true woman's soul. She saw in him only what was true and noble, and although he had never given her permission to worship him, she did it with an idolizing fondness, but never betrayed it until she heard him ask Kate to be his wife, then, only for a moment, the deep waters were stirred, and drops sparkled on the surface, telling of the deep well within; then all was calm again; but a bitter weight had fallen in, making the whole cup heavy and biter: but she would drink it, in silence, to the very dregs.

About a year after, I was once more met by the same kind smile which ever beamed upon the countenance of Mrs. Livingston. I had come to witness Kate's bridal, and when George led her into the room with the light of happy love shining in her eyes, I could not but contrast her with Alice, pale and wearied looking as she sat in a distant corner. Was this the happy child with the bright blue eyes and sunny ringlets, which had so won my girlish heart ten years ago? Was she the fair flower of womanhood, which one year ago had won so many silent worshippers at Kate's birthday party? With the light all faded from her eyes, and not a vestige of the rose on her cheek, she sat in a listless attitude, while the words were spoken which bound the two beings she so much loved.

Congratulations were passing already, and she must do the honors of a sister in that line. But she stepped forward only falteringly, her eyes seemed glassy and set on vacancy instead of the gay throng around her. Her friend did not observe he was almost dragging that frail light form through the crowd until he turned to hear the words of greeting to her new brother. The lips moved, but there only came a low mo

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, June 26, 1861.

WHAT ARE WE FIGHTING FOR?

The English papers affect to see no principle in the present strife in the United States, and sneeringly ask, "What are they fighting for?" Blinded by their own selfish interests, and prejudiced by their own political views and feelings, there is probably some apology for their obtuseness, though none at all for their manifest sympathy for a cause, which undertakes to break up one of the established governments of the world, not for any injury which is received by association with that government, but prompted by an insane ambition to establish an empire whose groundwork is that labor should be owned by its employer, or, in other words, that there shall be, as of old, but two classes in society—the master and the bondsman.

Setting aside the moral aspects of the case as involved in such a contest, it will be seen, by a *little* consideration, that there are important political and social principles at stake also, in this issue. When our Constitution was framed, it was adopted as the fundamental law, for the protection of the natural and political rights of each individual citizen residing in the republic. All distinctions of classes were set aside; all titles resting upon supposed honor or acquired wealth were abolished; each individual citizen was clothed with the same political rights, and stood the equal of his fellow-citizen under the laws, no matter what his wealth or the social consideration in which he was held. With no artificial barriers interposed between him and his welfare, there was no bar to his enterprise and his ambition; and the immense development of the physical resources of this country, and the prosperity which everywhere is exhibited, are the practical benefits arising from this political equality. But under this theory of equality which has benefitted so much the enterprising white race in America, there was also, unfortunately, a system of labor existing which was directly antagonistic, and which asserted the right of property in man if his skin was black. That system, socially encouraged for so many years, and protected under our constitution for three-fourths of a century, could not exist without producing essential changes in the social bearing and political instincts of the people among whom it existed. Labor, from being the employment of menials only, was looked upon as the badge of servitude, and from holding property in laborers of one color, it was very naturally that the property owners should regard all labor as the just object of ownership, and with this barbarous dogma, should seek to establish such changes in the political government of the country as would take from labor the power of controlling its own destiny. Under the constitution of the United States this could not be done. Hence we have a revolution to establish a "Southern Confederacy on a military basis, with suffrage largely restricted." This is the leading idea of the revolutionists—the avowed object of South Carolina, the moving spirit in this rebellion—though, for prudential reasons, the Montgomery Congress has seen proper to ignore it temporarily.

"*What* are we fighting for?" We are fighting for everything for which this Government was established. We are fighting to preserve our republican institutions in their purity; to maintain our Union in its integrity; to establish the authority of the Constitution and laws over violence and anarchy; to secure popular rights against aristocratic assumption; and to prove to the other nations of the earth whether we have a Government or not. The fundamental principle which is assailed in the present rebellion is the principle of equal rights as recognized under our Constitution. It is the underlying principle of our republic, and when that is destroyed, the principle which gives vitality to our democratic representative government is gone also, and with it the faith of mankind in popular government. We are fighting, therefore, to preserve the Government as it was established, on pure republican principles, in which artificial distinctions merely, shall not impair political rights.

But if the principle of republican government is assailed by the aristocratic pretensions now put forth by the leaders who inaugurated this rebellion, the Government established upon it is fatally endangered by the attempt to break up the Union, and the changes of policy and interests which will be created by its rupture. Cotemporaneous with the establishment of the Government was the avowed policy that no European Government should be permitted to meddle with the political institutions of this country, or to establish the principle of aristocratic or monarchical rule upon the soil which has been devoted to democratic representative government. To maintain this policy, union is indispensable. To keep this Northern division of the continent as the field for millions of the white race to claim their natural birthright in, and exercise their energies and their talents for their own advantage and the general prosperity, it is essential that but one Government shall exercise authority from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. What would this country be, broken up into pieces, and divided into different confederacies, with rival interests, and rival institutions? How could the enterprise and industry of the free North develope itself with another and rival government, based on principles so entirely opposite to free labor, limiting its expansion southwardly, and holding three-fourths of the line of sea coast of the country in its own possession? If there is anything which distinguishes the labor of the free white men of the North, it is its enterprise and its energy, and these flourish alike on land and on the ocean. The whole commercial activity of the nation equalling that of England, arises from the entire freedom with which the labor of the North is allowed to extend its operations. To be cut off at one blow from this privilege, and to be deprived of the freedom of the coasting trade, would be ruinous to our commercial interests, and crippling to every other pursuit on which our prosperity is founded. It would be dwarfing energies which require a whole continent as the field of their operations, and driving the people back again into poverty and misery.

But independently of these conditions, we are fighting for another great fundamental principle of republican Government—the right of the majority to rule. When the ballot-box was substituted for revolution, it was thought that all violent changes in established governments, all sudden overthrowing of political structures would be obviated, for the will of the people could be peacefully known through the ballot, and their legally established rule be patiently submitted to. So long as it answered the purpose of maintaining power in the hands of the would-be-oligarchs, its decrees were acknowledged as binding; but so soon as it threatened to put power really in the hands of the majority, those who labor for their living, then the discovery is made that our institutions rest on a wrong basis, and that political equality is neither desirable for social prosperity, nor practicable for political permanency. We are fighting to expunge this great political error, and to prove to the world, that the free Democratic spirit which established the government, is equal to its protection and its maintenance. If this is not worth fighting for, then our revolt against England was a crime, and our republican Government a fraud.

ERRORS TO BE CORRECTED.

We do not believe that there ever was an army raised in so short a time, of which a nation might be so justly proud, as the army now serving under General Scott. Yet there are many things, even of a vital character, that must and will be corrected. The officers are the most intelligent through the entire ranks; they are able-bodied, well fed, and now well clothed, armed and drilled; they are of the finest moral qualities, and actuated by *a motive* in the present struggle that is sufficient to make every man among them act like a hero.

But the manner of appointing officers produces much complaint, especially field officers. The first of all qualifications should be, having seen military service and the possession of soldierly qualities in the field. Regular troops become utterly disorganized when led by inexperienced and incompetent men. Rapid promotions of competent men, even from the ranks, for distinguished services and bravery, will do an army great good. It was part of Napoleon's system, and some of his most splendid generals were men thus picked out for gallantry, coolness, and conduct on the battle field. All this excited the hopes and emulation of the whole army. But the appointment of men to high command who have never seen any service, who have merely been political tools or hacks, men who would not be trusted by their neighbors at home with the command of anything, such appointments as these, from personal friendship, or relationship, or party ties, will prevent enlistments at home and produce demoralization on the field of battle. A few such men as Brigadier Pierce, pitted against a man like Col. Magruder, will do more to encourage the hearts of rebels than any other aid and comfort that could possibly be afforded to the enemy.

The conduct of the enemy has been exactly the reverse of ours. They have the most demoralized and disorderly set of men, but cool, experienced and able officers, ready to take advantage of our slightest mistakes. The matter will be made all the worse if the leaders of two or three political parties are to have the honorable situations of the army bestowed on them simply because there will be more candidates from civil life to keep brave officers from promotion. In fact, the whole system of military appointments on any other than the most strictly military grounds is, or may be, the betrayal of the country.

We are glad to see the honorable manner in which men of all political antecedents have rushed to the service of their country in this crisis, and it is but just and right that all political feelings should be laid aside in the making of military appointments, so that all men who love the Union and are ready to defend it at all hazards, should be equally eligible to the very highest military posts in exact proportion to their merits. A more judicious appointment than that of General Butler could hardly have been made probably. But to appoint editors or political agents for commanders and from political considerations, will soon destroy all hopes of rapid success.

This leads to another remark, namely, that the betrayal of news and of plans, as has been done of late by some of the New York journals, for which the system we have been deprecating affords peculiar and obvious facilities, will cause at every stage increasing inconveniences. We know that very fortunately for us the plans of General Scott rest for their success not so much on secrecy as on strength, and those immutable principles which admit of no question and no betrayal. It is fortunate we have such a prudent chief. It would, moreover, be well for us if our politicians would conduct all their movements upon a similarly open, strong and impregnable, instead of wily basis. But, war is an art that consists in being strongest simply at the point of actual contact and battle, and for an enemy warned it will require double the force to render weakest at that point.

ARE THEY PIRATES?

The recent capture, near Charleston, of the first South Carolina privateer, with all her officers and crew, will soon settle the question in what light these persons are to be regarded Under ordinary circumstances, and acting under the authority of an established Government, they could be regarded only as prisoners of war, and be so held. But as our Government has steadily refused to recognize the rebellion, and regards it, very properly, as an outbreak against the lawful authority of the country, which it means to put down by the exercise of power, and to punish its authors for their treasonable attempt to overthrow the Republic and destroy the Constitutional Government, the position in which prisoners taken by the Government find themselves becomes an extremely delicate and dangerous one. The laws of the country are not suspended by the rebellion, however audacious and wide-spread it may become, and parties are just as amenable as ever to penalties for violating these laws, so long as the Government possesses the power to enforce them. By the laws of this country preying upon its commerce is piracy, a crime which Congress has declared is punishable with death by hanging. Any one of the citizens of the United States engaged in such act is therefore clearly violating the laws of the country, and liable to the penalty. The Confederate States cannot absolve him from the allegiance which he owes to the United States, or the submission which is due from him to its laws. When the Confederate States become an independent power, and their Government is acknowledged as such, which will never be while there are hands to defend the integrity of the Union, the case may be different; but, until then, taking our ships lawfully engaged in commerce, by privateers acting under Jeff. Davis' authority, is piracy, and such is the view that our judicial tribunals will undoubtedly take of it when the prisoners come to be tried by a jury. The act of Congress, which defines piracy, was passed in April, 1790, declares that every citizen of the United States, who commits any robbery or act of hostility against the United States or any citizen thereof, upon the high seas, under color of any commission from any foreign prince or State, or on pretence of authority from any person, is to be deemed a pirate, and, on conviction, is to suffer death.

MASKED BATTERIES.

The only obstacles of any serious character which have checked the advance movements of any of our troops, are from masked batteries unexpectedly encountered by commands when on a reconnoissance. Big Bethel inflicted severe loss upon General Pierce's command, and on Monday, General Schenck met with a reverse near Vienna, on the Alexandria and Loudon Railroad, by which he lost some of his Ohio volunteers. The First Ohio Regiment had gone out to protect the bridges on the line of railroad, and several companies had been dropped at the various stations. As they came near Vienna in a deep cut, a masked battery opened upon them. It is said that the engineer had been ordered to stop before he reached this cut, but he ran his engine into it, and, after the mischief, detached his engine and ran back to Alexandria. Whether this was treachery or not, or whether this unfortunate result was owing to the incompetency of the commander, further accounts will show. It seems, however, to be a strange proceeding to be running railroad trains into the interior of what ought to be established for the public good. In a republic, whose foundation principle is the equality of all citizens under its laws, no one man can have a better *claim* to an office than another. Public office was created for the public good and not for individual benefit. The individual, therefore, can have no claim at all to office. It is the public who have a claim upon the individual, for as they establish the offices for a public good, they have a right to claim the very best talent they can find in the community to fill them. This principle recognized as the true one, as it undoubtedly is, might disappoint the hopes of a great many very zealous politicians, and possibly abate some of their zeal in a political campaign, but it would elevate the public service to its proper position, and fill the public offices with men competent to discharge the duties faithfully to themselves and the public.

THE FIRST TELEGRAPH DESPATCH FROM AN AERIEL STATION.—Balloons are proving a very useful aid to the army. The large area of the earth's surface, to be commanded by the eye at the high elevation to which a balloon can ascend, gives great facilities for observation and military reconnoisance. The balloon poised over an enemy's camp, may observe his defences, count his troops, see his weak points, and know where he can be assailed with advantage. All this can be done without exposure to danger itself, and is certainly preferable to military exersions in railroad cars to find out masked batteries by having them play unexpectedly upon the troops engaged in the reconnoisance. A remarkable and novel feature which accompanies these balloon experiments, is the new application which is made of the magnetic telegraph. The rope which holds the balloon in place, also contains a magnetic wire, through which the observer in the balloon can continually send information of his observations to the commanding officer below, or receive any direction upward from the same authority. Professor Lowe has just been making use of his balloon for this purpose, and the first telegraph despatch from an aerial station half a mile above the earth, was sent to the War Department by this novel telegraph on Tuesday. The fact demonstrates the great assistance that aeronautics may afford our army in the present campaign.

THE NAVAL ACADEMY.—A number of the citizens of Baltimore, headed by Judge Brewer and Alex. Randall, have, in a personal interview with the Secretary of the Navy, asked for the restoration of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. The reply they received was, that their request could not be granted pending the existing condition of affairs, and that the question of ultimate reinstatement would be held for future consideration.

CONGRESS—IRON-PLATED VESSELS.

We are rapidly approaching the extra meeting of Congress, and, so far, the most remarkable thing in regard to it is the very little that has been said or apparently thought by the public, of what this next Congress is to do. This is not because it is so unimportant a matter, but just the reverse—because it is so momentous that all parties are waiting for the effects of consultation, before they show their hands. We know it is said that there are a good many delicate subjects that Congress had better let alone, and leave to the Government to manage as best they can. But we doubt if they can be altogether avoided. At any rate the first great object of the meeting will be to press forward the war with vigor, or rather the restoration of the peace of the country, for such has been and is the aim of the present war thus far.

But this at once involves the whole question of expense. The footing up of the bills and estimates will perhaps startle some weak minds, and two hundred millions may scarcely carry us through the year. Yet, if it can only be secured, that none of it, or no unusual proportion of it, go to personal aggrandizement, instead of public security, there will be no lack of a readiness to vote any requisite sum. If ever there was a time when patriotism demanded the most strict integrity in every branch of the public administration it is now. That granted, and we believe that Mr. Chase will do his best, the only remaining object will be to push measures of protection for the integrity of the Union through as rapidly as possible, with a strong and unflinching hand.

Among other means of defence adopted, might be the instant construction of several iron-plated ships and gun boats for the Atlantic coast and the Mississippi river. One such boat could have saved Fort Sumter; one or two such could now run the gauntlet of all the earth works in Charleston harbor, and open its guns upon that rebellious city, if it refused to submit to lawful authority. The importance of this cannot be over estimated. By our commercial treaties with European nations, we are fairly bound to have *some* ports open for trade within a reasonable period, and in this way we can, as soon as these ships are ready, re-establish the United States authority in the ports of the South, quite as completely as in Baltimore or in New York. The recent experiments of the British Government with the iron-coated ship Trusty, have demonstrated that with plates of four and a half inches on a properly constructed wooden vessel, no guns of whatever size, calibre or construction, can seriously risk the destruction of the vessel or silence its fire. Such vessels could pass all ordinary batteries, enter harbors, and command them effectually.

On the Mississippi this is still more imperative. One such vessel can silence all the secession batteries, and no other boat can stand them. It can sweep the river clear of obstructions, and open the way for the advance of troops to any desirable quarter.

The only question that remains is, whether vessels already in use cannot some of them be plated with armor instead of our having to wait for new ships to be built on purpose. Possibly some of them can be at once converted into the most inpregnable of floating forts, at an expense simply of being properly strengthened within, and covered without. The sooner such vessels are furnished, the sooner our command of all the ports and of the rivers will be recovered, and the authority of our Government re-established. Such a speedy restoration of order will prevent all complication of our foreign relations, and render our power as impregnable against foreign enmity as domestic strife.

HOW VIRGINIANS TAMPER WITH THE MAILS.—It is just coming to light, that while the Government was carrying the mails for Virginia at its own expense, the leaders of that State were engaged overhauling the contents of the letters, and discovering who were for them and who were not, and intercepting letters directed to Union men in various parts of the South, and withholding money drafts intended to aid them. The Richmond Enquirer lets this disgraceful fact out, for it publishes a letter addressed by Amos A. Lawrence, of Massachusetts, to Senator Andrew Johnson of Tennessee, enclosing a draft for $1,000 to aid the Union cause in the latter State. This letter was opened and sent to Governor Harris, of Tenn., as an evidence of Johnson's *treason* (!) to the State, or in other words, his loyalty to the Union. The Enquirer in publishing the fact, says *it was intercepted in its passage to Johnson*, and is now in the possession of a reliable gentleman of this city. There is no doubt of the genuineness of the letter. The Enquirer of course is very indignant against Johnson, but in its eagerness to convict him of treason, overlooks the humiliating position in which it places the public officers of Virginia, who do not scruple to open and pilfer the contents of letters like common thieves. When the first steps in a revolution so debauches and demoralizes a people, what expectation can they have of successfully establishing an independent Government which is to overshadow all other Governments in the world.

WARNING TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—The following warning should be read by all photographers: M. Davanne, a distinguished French photographer, points out the danger arising from the use of cyanide of potassium, and mentions, in full, the case of a friend who very nearly lost his life by rubbing a piece of that substance on his hand, to remove a nitrate of silver stain. Violent fainting fits for four hours followed, and nothing but pouring streams of cold water on his head and spine saved his life. As cyanide of potassium contains nearly half its weight of prussic acid, it is easy to understand its danger.

"Cyanide of potassium," says M. Davanne, "should be banished from every photograph laboratory, as it has been from mine." It can always be replaced. If wanted for fixing wet collodion proofs, a solution of one part hyposulphate of soda to three water, gives a better result. If used for removing stains from the skin, the following substance can be employed: One part iodine of potassium is dissolved in five water, and iodine is added until the solution becomes deep red; a glass rod is dipped in this solution, and touched to the stain; after a few moments the spot is washed with a solution of hyposulphate of soda, which removes both the stain of the caustic and that of the iodine. Every photographer should cut this out and paste it in his working room.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH THEM?—One of the Washington correspondents, by telegraph, says the President is considering what he will do with the pirates captured in the privateer Savannah. This is, undoubtedly, erroneous. The President has nothing to do with the matter at present, whatever he may do if the parties are convicted. Their offence is one against the existing laws of the country, and a grand jury are the only proper persons to consider what shall be done with them. If they find an indictment, the trial will proceed, and most likely, under the charge of the Court, the offenders will be convicted of piracy, in capturing an American brig. Then the President, by virtue of his constitutional privileges, may consider whether the penalty shall be imposed or not. The only interference by him can be after conviction, when he has the power of pardoning, if he thinks it advisable.

WHAT THEY THINK.—The London Herald thinks Mr. Dayton a much more sensible diplomat than Cassius M. Clay. Mr. Dayton minds his own business, and does not interfere with the duties of any other minister, while Mr. Clay undertakes to keep all the foreign courts advised of American policy, and, threatening England and France, as if he had the control of the French government, and could use it as he pleased. Mr. Dayton, like a discreet minister, presents the views of his own government unaccompanied with any offensive threats, and, therefore, is listened to respectfully; and his views have wrought with those for whom they are intended.

THE following is a specimen of the currency now current in the rebel States:

"No. 359—The Alexandria, Loudon and Hampshire Railroad Company promise to pay bearer twenty five cents in current Virginia bank notes, when presented in sums of five dollars or multiples thereof receivable also for passage and freight

"Alexandria, Va., May 25 1861. JOHN WEST."

"For the Company."

The note is adorned with pictures of railroad cars, a farmer with sickle, and sheaves of wheat. It may be considered a bill of the larger denomination. They have them as low as five cents.

THE LIBRARY OF THE LATE REV. THEODORE PARKER is being removed to the Boston Public Library, he having bequeathed it to the city. It numbers upwards of 1,100 volumes, among which are many very curious and valuable books. The collection is rich in German classic literature, and in Greek and Latin works of all kinds and dates. One of the most remarkable volumes mentioned in the catalogue, is an edition of Thomas More's works of 1557, said to be exceedingly rare.

THE NATIONAL HYMN, for which a prize was offered by a committee of the citizens of New York city, ought to be a first-rate production, as there are over eleven hundred and fifty manuscripts to choose from. The committee announce that the time allowed the competitors has arrived, and that no more manuscripts will be received. This sudden check to patriotic fancy is like clipping the wings of the American eagle, just as he has plumed his feathers for a grand flight.

THE RECEIPTS of grain at tide water, on the Hudson, show a decrease in flour of 51,601 barrels, and of oats only one-half the quantity of last year has been received. Wheat has increased over three times, and corn about 200,000 bushels. Lard, wool, pork, bacon, beef and rye are all decreased. The wheat reduced to flour shows a gain of 648,623 barrels of flour.

NO AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.—The officers of the State Agricultural Society have resolved not to have their annual fair this season. In many counties the local exhibitions are suspended also.

LOYAL AND INSURGENT TROOPS.

The war so far has displayed a marked difference in the character of Northern and of Southern troops. The latter had declared that they were so used to arms that they would beat us in the field where they had one to our three. So far they have failed to substantiate this boast. We had supposed that unused to arms our men might at first be found wanting in drill and coolness under fire on the field. But first, at St. Louis, then at Philippi, and then at Booneville, in places where the insurgents had chosen their ground and fortified themselves, they have been easily and utterly routed, while our men have always, so far, stood firm. Even when assailed unexpectedly by masked batteries, they have behaved gallantly and stood fire well.

We do not underrate the courage of the insurgents; they will no doubt fight well before the war is over, but so far the moral effect is on the side of our troops. The Southern soldiers fight less effectively from the consciousness of a bad cause, and from bad discipline, from only having the sympathies of bad men enlisted, and because bad means are so freely used. Confusion and distrust of each other so far seem to mark their actions. At Booneville this was very evident, and something of the kind appears to have been exhibited at Harper's Ferry. Many of the men deserted; others watched for an opportunity of doing so. The country which, at first, was almost favorable to them, had, by their cruelties and impressments and exactions, become utterly hostile, while drunkenness and want of discipline from the badness of the officers made the men unreliable.

General Scott has succeeded in establishing a discipline superior to that of any army heretofore gathered in so short a time, because of his own admirable system in the patient management of details, and because the officers and men engaged have been those moved by the very highest motives of patriotism and duty. They have brought to the work a moral power of endurance. Beginning with things at the very worst, they have had no gradual depression and disappointment of their hopes such as constantly depresses the South. Hence our men have labored patiently, and they have known *how* to labor, whether in digging trenches or mending railroads, or putting locomotives together, and when the hour of battle has come, there has been no failure of the men to stand by one another, and at their posts. This sort of moral victory has stood on our part opposed to the guerilla system, or the slightest waste of life. All has been part of one great thought and plan.

The contrast in the state of the country North and South is even greater than in the armies. The Government is, it is true, piling up a big debt, and by and by it will be for us all to consider who has got to bear the expenses of this war. The more heavily and specifically it can be made to come upon the disaffected who have caused this war, the more just and the more effectual will it prove in destroying their power for future and further mischief, while a new race of men, loyal to the constitution, will grow up and choke out the terrible weeds of secession. So far there is reason to fear that in the secession districts, the real destruction and loss of this war have fallen most heavily upon all else except the leaders. They have subscribed out of their abundance, but they have impressed the Union men, and confiscated their property and destroyed them, and aimed at rendering it impossible for them to live in the seceding States. This is directly, of course, in opposition to the fundamental principle of the Constitution. The full and perfect protection of northern men and northern property on southern soil must be the basis of all future action, whether of peace or war, in regard to the South.

THE GAME OF STRATEGY

The war movements so far appear to be one of strategy, and the Federal Commander has decidedly the advantage. He has compelled the rebels to abandon a position deliberately assumed and strongly fortified by them, with the intention of holding against large odds. While the Federal troops were threatening an advance from the North and East, the rebels did not move, but so soon as the Federal forces began to approach from Western Virginia, there was danger of their rear, and when the various columns began to close, they abandoned their position at Harper's Ferry in a hurry. They are now in considerable force at Manassas Junction, but the probability is, that they will also abandon that place without a general action, and retire upon Richmond, on the road to which they have put every impediment, which strong batteries and the face of the country will permit them to interpose. While they are manœuvring for strategetic points near the Potomac line of their defence, they have suddenly discovered an alarming movement from Ohio towards the Southwestern part of Virginia by way of Kanawha and Fayette Court House—a movement which threatens to take possession of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, and cut off all communication of the Confederates in Virginia with Tennessee, and the States lying to the Southwest. Floyd is the astute General who has discovered this movement, and who sounds the alarm. Whether the Confederates have any disposable force to send to counteract this new danger or not, we shall soon see. If they have not, they are as likely to be hemmed in at Richmond as they were at Harper's Ferry, and may have to retreat from Virginia without striking a blow. Gen. Scott evidently knows his ground, and his movements appear to disconcert the prepared plans and arrangements of the rebel leaders. He is preparing for them what he so dreaded himself—a fire in the rear."

NOT ALTOGETHER PLEASED WITH THEIR OFFICERS.—If Northern Generals from civil life have suffered in their reputation from ambuscades, the Southern military leaders appear also to be victims, popularly, to surprises. Their Generals are taken to task for their want of vigilance and forethought, and for their inefficiency in not seizing upon unprotected military posts when it could have been done with impunity. The positions now held by the Federal Government at Pickens and Monroe could have been prevented if the Confederate military leaders had been equal to the emergency, and even since then the Confederate troops have suffered from the superior vigilance of the Federal forces. Alexandria, Newport News, Philippi, Romney, Booneville, have all fallen into the possession of the Federal troops by unexpected movements, taking the rebels by surprise. The Charleston Mercury grows indignant over these facts, and calls for more industry and activity, both of body and brain, in the Confederate leaders. These denunciations do not look as if the rebels had got the "cream of the army" for their officers.

WHAT IS DOING IN MISSOURI.—Missouri has been a point of interest ever since the government undertook to assert its authority to put down rebellion. Jackson, the Governor of that State, has been trying for months to get it out of the Union, but, so far, has been foiled by the predominating union sentiment of the State, aided by the judicious military movements of Gen Lyon. Failing to get the State in a false position by negotiation, he threw off the mask at once, proclaimed war against the Federal Government, and ordered the State troops to meet him at Boonsville to commence his operations. Gen. Lyon has been too quick with such a double dealing traitor. He was at Boonsville as soon as Jackson, and on the first encounter has dispersed his army and sent him flying for refuge to some safe corner of the State. This speedy annihilation of the valiant Jackson will tend to keep matters quiet in that quarter for the present, and disappoint the hopes of the Secessionists at Cairo, who are waiting impatiently for a successful blow in Missouri, to try the same game of force with Western Kentucky.

POPULAR RULE IN TENNESSEE.—Tennessee was carried out of the Union at the late election by the same fraudulent and violent means which were adopted in the other seceded States. Boys from twenty to fifteen years of age were allowed to vote on the ordinance, and volunteers from everywhere voted. Most of the Union men remained away from the polls, regarding the election as a barefaced fraud, and knowing soldiers had been imported in sufficient numbers to overcome all the votes they could cast. When the Federal troops protect Tennessee we will see the same change as has been in Maryland and Northern and Western Virginia—the open avowal of Union sentiments by a large majority of the people. The whole secession movement is an attempt to establish the principle that the minority should rule the majority; and in every State which has gone out, except, probably, South Carolina, the practice has been in accordance with this principle, an armed minority by violence have suppressed the will of the unarmed and peacable majority.

THE ASSASSIN JACKSON'S DEATH TO BE AVENGED.—The following communication appears in the Charleston Courier of May 30th:

A Fair Notice—I hereby give notice that the death of James W. Jackson, of Alexandria, Virginia, shall, will, and must be averged.

HENRY GILMER, M. D., of Mississippi.

Mr. Gilmer does not say whether he is the individual whois about to undertake this duty; but, if he is for a fair fight, the Zouaves at Alexandria will, no doubt, be glad to accommodate his wishes. If he means to go like a sneaking assassin, shooting men in the dark, he had better look to himself. That game is nearly played out.

HOW TO MAKE A GENERAL.—The Cincinnati Gazette, speaking of Gen. Schenck, before the Vienna affair occurred, says:—

"Now the first thing that ought to be done with such a Brigadier is to run him in charge of a drill sergeant, and have him drilled like the devil for a month"

This mode of making a general may account for some of the unfortunate mishaps which have happened to our troops when under the charge of such experienced officers. Some of them have not been "drilled like the devil" for even a month, but put on their military experience with their chapeau and spurs

LATEST FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

ENGAGEMENT AT VIENNA, VA.

Firing on the Train by Rebel Troops.

KILLED AND WOUNDED.

GEN SCHENCK'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

By Telegraph from Telegraphic Camp.

WASHINGTON, June 18.—The following despatch was received at a late hour last night:

By Telegraph from the Military Camp.

To Lieut. Gen Scott:

We left camp with 668 rank and file, 29 field and company officers, in pursuance of General McDowell's orders to go upon this expedition, with the wish a force of one of my regiments. The regiment selected being the 1st Ohio volunteers. We left companies I and K with an engine at 135 men, at the crossing of the road, Lieut. Col. Parrot with two companies, 117 men, to go to Falls Church, and to patrol the road in that direction. Stationed two companies, D and F, 95 men, to guard the railroad and bridge, between the crossing and Vienna.

We proceeded slowly to Vienna with four companies—Company E, Capt Paddock, Company C, Lieut Woodward, afterwards joined by Capt Pease; Company G, Capt. Bailey; Company H, Capt. Hazlett; being a total of 375 men.

On turning the curve slowly within a quarter of a mile of Vienna, we were fired up on by raking masked batteries of, I think, three guns, with shell, round shot and grape, killing and wounding the men on the platform and in the cars before the train could be stopped.

When the train stopped, the engineer could not, on account of damage to some part of the running machinery, draw the train out of the fire. The engine being in the rear, we left the cars and retired to the right and left of the train through the woods.

Finding that the enemy's batteries were sustained by what appeared to be a regiment of infantry and by cavalry, which force we have since understood to have been some 1500 South Carolinians, we fell back, along the railroad, throwing out skirmishers on both flanks. This was about 7 P. M. Thus we retired slowly, bearing off our wounded for five miles to this point, which we reached at 10 o'clock.

Casualities—Capt Hazlett's, Co. H—Two known to be killed, three wounded, five missing.

Capt. Bailey's, Co. G.—Three killed, two wounded, two missing.

Capt. Paddock's, Co. E—One officer slightly wounded.

Capt. Pease and two missing.

The engineer, when the men left the cars, instead of retiring slowly as I ordered, detached his engine, with one passenger car, from the rest of the disabled train, and abandoned us, running to Alexandria; and we have heard nothing from him since. Thus we were deprived of nearly the whole amount of ammunition accompanying the wounded, who had to be carried on litters and in blankets.

We wait here holding the road for reinforcements. The enemy did not pursue us.

I have ascertained that the enemy's force at Fairfax Court House, about four miles from here, is now about 4 000.

When all the batteries opened upon us, Maj Hughey was at his station on the foremost platform car. Col. McCook was with me on one of the passenger cars.

Both of these officers, with others of the commissioned officers and many of the men, behaved most coolly under this galling fire, which we could not return, and from batteries which we could not flank or turn, from the nature of the ground.

The approach to Vienna is through a deep long cut in the railway. In leaving the cars, and before they could rally, many of my men lost haversacks and blankets but brought off all their muskets, except it may be a few that were destroyed by the enemy's first fire or look with the killed.

ROBERT C. SCHENCK,
Brigadier General

THE BATTLE AT BOONEVILLE.

ST LOUIS, Mo, June 19.—The Democrat has just received the following despatch from Jefferson City:

Mr. Gerlich, of St. Louis, and others just from Missouria, give the following account of the battle of Booneville.

Gen. Lyon landed four miles below the town, and opened a heavy cannonade against the rebels, who retreated and dispersed into an adjacent wood, from whence, hidden by brush and fence, they opened a brisk fire on our troops.

Gen. Lyon then ordered a hasty retreat to the boats, and the rebels, encouraged by this movement rallied and followed the Federals into a wheat field. Gen. Lyon halted, faced the troops about and bringing his whole force of artillery to bear, opened a murderous fire on the rebels, 300 of whom were killed and the remainder fled in all directions, leaving their arms on the field. General Lyon then moved forward and took Booneville.

General Price was taken with a violent diarrhœa at the beginning of the battle, and was carried off in his ambulance.

Governor Jackson viewed the battle from a distant hill and fled to parts unknown after the defeat of his forces.

There are great rejoicings among the Union men here. The stars and stripes have been hoisted on the Capitol, guns fired, and the tri-parti-colored banner displayed. Five Regimental bands. Scouting parties have been sent in all directions to cut off the retreat of the rebels.

The steamer J. C. Swan has arrived here with two cannon and ammunition. The cannon has been mounted at Colonel Boernstein's headquarters.

John Fitzpatrick, one of the most violent secessionists in the State, has taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, in presence of all the officers here.

FROM MISSOURI.

Flight of Gov. Jackson—Another Battle—Large Numbers Killed and Wounded.

ST. LOUIS, June 21.—The Democrat has a special despatch from Syracuse, about twenty-five miles south of Booneville, which says that an expedition of nearly 1000 strong, with four pieces of artillery, under Captain Totten, of the regular service, left Boonville Wednesday night, and reached this place at ten A. M. yesterday. Gov. Jackson, with about 500 men, arrived here on Tuesday, and after impressing property of both friends and foes, being afraid of pursuit, suddenly left yesterday forenoon, proceeding southward towards Warsaw. Our forces have gone forward to day, but there is little hope of overtaking the fleeing party.

A desperate battle took place on Tuesday morning, between 800 Union Home Guards, under Captain Cook, near the town of Cole Camp, and a large party of secessionists from Warsaw and the surrounding country, in which 15 Guards were killed, 20 wounded, many of them severely, and 30 prisoners were taken. Most of the Guards were in a large barn when the firing began, but they immediately sprung to arms, and this said killed 40 of the attacking party before being overpowered by superior numbers, but nearly all of them finally escaped, and returned with their forces to dispute the passage of the State troops.

Capt. Cook reached here this morning in disguise. He says not over half his force was armed, and not more than two hundred participated in the fight. He hastened forward to overtake and counsel with Capt. Totten.

Some of Jackson's party were in from here on Wednesday night by railroad, taking what rolling stock they could, cutting the rest, and burning the Lamine bridge, a costly structure, six miles west of here.

Syracuse is now protected by the Federal troops.

Among several letters seized in Boonville by Gen. Lyon, were some embracing orders from head-quarters to destroy the bridges on the North Missouri, the Hannibal and St. Joseph's and Pacific railroads, and instructions to different officers and individuals respecting the organization of troops, &c &c. There was also one containing the property seized at the United States Arsenal at Liberty some time since, as follows:—8 brass and 12 iron six-pounders, 166 bells, 280 pounds of canister, 53 strap shot, 380 fixed rounds, 180 muskets, 220 rifles, 121 carbines, 811 pistols, 469 sabres, 20 artillery swords, 4000 pounds of cannon powder, 99.0 do musket do., 4830 do rifle do., 189 000 musket cartridges, 9000 musketoon do., 175 000 rifle do., 58,000 pistol do., and 16,000 blank cartridges.

Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, June 25, 1861

The commencement of the New York University was held, last week, at Niblo's saloon, Chancellor Ferris presiding. Among the distinguished persons present were Rev. Dr. Newell, Julian C. Verplanck, Dr. Webster and Peter Cooper. The exercises consisted of speaking by the students of the University, the conferring of degrees, and prize awards to the scholars. The attendance was very large, consisting almost entirely of ladies. The Seventh Regiment's band was in attendance, and with their music greatly added to the pleasure of the exercises.

The degree of M. D. was conferred upon Richard O. Cattlett, of South Carolina, John L. Portwood, of Virginia, and G. K. Turner, of Virginia. Secession thus continues to have a hankering after "all the honors." The degree of LL D. was conferred upon S. Austin Allibone, of Philadelphia.

The fashionable hotels continue to suffer severely from the pressure of the times. The suspension of Southern travel, of course, is almost total in consequence of the war, and as that sort of patronage was always the most profitable the lack of it now is severely felt. The few arrivals daily recorded, hail principally from the New England and Western States, but even these are like angel's visits, "few and far between."

The newspapers too, continue to suffer from the state of the times. The Courier and Enquirer, on the 1st of July, it is said, will be merged into the World. The Journal of Commerce, like the Courier, a mercantile organ, has also been compelled to curtail its dimensions, owing to a lack of advertisements.

Mr. Lingard the manager of the new Bowery Theatre, while standing at the Fulton Ferry, this morning, was accosted by a man, who asked him how much he would give him to enlist. Mr. Lingard replied, jocularly, "ten cents "upon which the man knocked him down and beat him severely. The assailant, who gives his name as James Leahy, was arrested and held to answer.

Deaths in Brooklyn during the week 91, of which 62 were children. A number of small-pox cases were reported to the Board of Health this morning. The disease is quite prevalent in South Brooklyn.

Our Common Council have made no appropriation as yet, for the celebration of the 4th.

Three Ocean steamers sailed on Saturday, viz: The Fulton, for Southampton and Havre; the Glasgow, for Liverpool; and the Karnak for Havana and Nassau. The Fulton had 149 passengers, among whom is the Hon. E. Joy Morris, of Philadelphia, U. S. Minister to Turkey, with his family. George Leaman, Esq., goes out in the Glasgow, as bearer of despatches to London from the British Minister at Washington.

COTTON.—Sales were made at yesterday's prices.

FLOUR.—Western and State Flour continues in fair request; 17,000 bbls were sold at $4 30 a 4 50 for superfine State and Western, $4 60 a 4 80 for extra State, $4 70 a 5 for the low grades of Western extra, and $5 20 a 5 30 for superior brands of round hoop extra Ohio Southern Flour is in fair demand; 1000 bbls were sold at $5 70 a 6 30 for mixed to good superfine Baltimore, and $6 80 a 9 25 for the better kinds. Rye Flour is firm at $3 a 4. Corn Meal is heavy; we hear of sales of 250 bbls. at $3 a 3 10 for Brandywine

GRAIN.—The market for wheat is less active. 180 000 bushels are reported sold, at 85 a 91 c for Chicago spring, $1 01 a 1 10 for Milwaukie Club, $1 15 for Racine spring, and $1 45 a 1 50 for white Michigan. Rye is steady; 1000 bus. changed hands at 67 a 68½c. Oats are in fair demand, at 31 a 32c. for State. Corn is firm. 47 000 bushels were sold at 50c for prime mixed Western, and 57c. for round yellow.

PROVISIONS.—The market for Pork is quiet; some sales were made at $15 for Prime. Beef is selling at $8 50a 10 50 for repacked mess, and $10 75a12 for extra do. The market for Lard is lower: 1500

ARMY AND NAVY.

PHILADELPHIA NAVY YARD.—The greatest activity prevails at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, over 1500 men being employed in the shops, yard, and fitting out vessels for sea. The St. Lawrence is now receiving her stores, has gone into commission, and the following is a list of her officers:

Captain, H. G. Parvinace; Lieutenant, Jas. H. Gillis; Acting Master, H. P. Picking; Surgeon, Robert Woodworth; Assistant do, James Quinn; Lieut. of Marines. James Lewis; Acting Midshipmen, G. S. Cotton, F. J. Naile, F. Pearson, G. W. Wood, C. N. Tracey, P. W. Lowry, H. T. French, H. B Ramsey; Paymaster, Benj Driffield; Boatswain, Joan A Briscoe; Acting Gunner, L R Ellis; Sailmaker, Lewis Rodgers; Captain's Clerk, F. G. Chappale.

James C. Krim, late boat builder at the Yard, has been ordered on board as acting Carpenter. Orders have been received at the Yard to erect new buildings, for the purpose of placing therein machinery and steam power, to make blocks and other work that has heretofore been done at the Washington Navy Yard, for vessels fitted out at this Yard. We have also understood, that the Government intends leasing the fine property, including the lot of Prime street and just outside of the Navy Yard walls, as a store house for navy stores, &c, the capacity of the Yard at present, scarcely being sufficient for the wants of the Department. The steamers "Yankee" and "Keystone State" are now being thoroughly overhauled, the former having been taken from the dock yesterday, after re-coppering her bottom. The Keystone State will be taken on the dock to undergo the same operation. Among the work going on, is the bringing to light old timbers which have been under the sheds for ten or fifteen years, so that all fit for the new sloops of war may be cut and put in shape. The laborers are, therefore, kept busily employed, under the superintendence of Mr. Jas. Fahy, the master laborer. Eighty marines left the yard last week for Washington, and about the same number of seamen were received from New York for the St Lawrence.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, June 26, 1861.

Postage on the Dollar Newspaper.

To any Post-office in Pennsylvania, 13 cents per year.
To any Post-office out of Pennsylvania, 26 cents per year.
To any Post-office in any of the British Provinces, 26 cents per year, payable at this office at the time of subscription.
To any Post-office out of the United States, other than the British Provinces, the postage is two cents per number of the paper, or one dollar and four cents per year, payable at this office at the time of subscribing.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER,

PHILADELPHIA.

The only Family Paper of its character afforded to Single Subscribers at

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE TERMS:

To Single Subscribers, one year.....	$1 00
Club of Six, for one year.....	5 00
Club of Thirteen for one year.....	10 00
Club of Twenty, and one to getter up,	15 00
Club of Thirty-four, " " "	25 00
Club of Fifty-four, " " "	40 00
Club of Eighty, " " "	60 00
Club of One Hundred, " "	75 00

PAYMENT INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

No subscription for less than one year will be received. The "Newspaper" is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which it is paid.

The Dollar Newspaper

Is made up with special reference to the Family Circle. It aims to interest, instruct and amuse. It is for the wayside, the workshop and the fireside. It is for the scholar, the man of business, and the man of leisure.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Inserted at twenty-five cents per line per week. And as a medium for the sale of Real Estate, Stock, &c., and for making known the various articles of Agricultural Machinery, where sold, &c., it is probably not surpassed by any other paper in the country.

☞ No subscription attended to unless accompanied with the money. Address

WM. M. SWAIN & CO.,

S. W. corner Third and Chesnut sts., Phila.

TO READERS AND WRITERS.

☞ M. V. P. Y. S. V. M. is respectfully informed that we are already over-supplied in the department mentioned.

"THE WIDOW," by C. E. W., and accompanying propositions are declined.

☞ T. H. C. inquires for some person who can furnish particular information in reference to farms for sale in Tioga, Bradford and Susquehanna counties in this State. We regret that we have not the address of any such persons. Those having lands for sale in the Northern section of the State, could not, we think, do better than to make the matter known briefly through our advertising columns. There are hundreds of our readers thrown out of employment by the breaking up of business, who are in search of lands to make cheap farms. The probable early completion of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad will, no doubt, give to Northern Pennsylvania much prominence as a new agricultural region.

☞ A correspondent in Ohio sends us the following as original and true:

"Entering a neighbor's house, the other day, I found the young mistress bathed in tears, and perceiving me, she exclaimed: 'Dear, oh dear! poor aunt Jenny, uncle Lishis is dead.' What will aunt Jenny do? Black is so unbecoming to her, and people will talk so, if she does not wear mourning."

And this:

"I have two boys, one six years old, the other four. I overheard a conversation between them in time of a thunder-storm. The older boy says to the other:

"'Charley, you don't know what that noise is?'

"'Yes I do; it is thunder.'

"'But you don't know what makes it?'

"'Yes I do; it is God pounding the clouds to make the rain come down.'"

CAN PEACE BE RESTORED?

The question is asked frequently through the press, "Can peace be re-established before blood is shed?" This question can be better solved by considering what the rebellion proposes to accomplish. If this rebellion were merely a temporary outbreak against the laws, a resort to arms to obtain redress for any legislative grievance which imposed upon one section of the Union, the answer would be ready, and the prospect of a restoration of order and the re-establishment of peace would not be so remote, or apparently beyond the reach of well-directed effort to accomplish. But the rebellion means nothing of the kind. It arises from no grievance endured, no unjust restriction imposed, no denial of rights, and no wrong attempted on the part of the Government. It is simply a deep-seated design on the part of reckless politicians in the Southern States to break up the American Union, that they may from its ruins reconstruct another and different government, founded upon principles diametrically opposed to those upon which the nation has prospered and grown great. This design force upon the Government the duty of using all the power and resources at its command to frustrate it. It can only do so by force of arms, for such is the tyranny exercised over the minds of the people in the Southern States, that, with every disposition to live peaceably under the Constitution and laws of the Government, they are carried along into rebellion against both by the violence and force used by their political leaders. Self-preservation has armed the loyal States; their future peace and progress, their independence as a government, and their existence as a nation, depend upon the successful overthrow of the rebellion. It may cost money, it may cost blood, but it must re-establish the integrity of the Union and the liberties of the people now in danger of destruction. Without these peace would not be worth the purchase. Peace without bloodshed is only possible on the presumption that the insurgent leaders will forego their ambitious purposes, and lay down their arms, a degree of submission in them not to be expected at this stage in the rebellion, however sure a consequence it may be of the measures which are now being taken to assert the authority of the laws and compel submission to them.

THE LIQUOR TRADE AND THE ARMY.

We observe several of the encampments of our volunteer forces, the officers in command have suppressed the sale of liquor to the men, and destroyed large quantities of the poisonous stuff, taken in the vicinity of the camps. At Camp Dennison, recently, five hundred kegs of beer and a thousand bottles of ale were emptied on the ground. This is a wise measure, and may save a great deal of serious mischief. Soldiers in active service should have nothing to do with intoxicating drinks. Their duty requires them to preserve, habitually, cool heads, steady hands and wide-awake vigilance. Whisky and the like is opposed to all these essential qualities of men, on whom the fate of a great nation is now in no small degree dependent. Drunkenness is positively demoralizing, while it destroys the physical health of the strongest and bravest of our recruits. There can, moreover, be no complete and effectual discipline maintained among large bodies of soldiery, unless the strictest sobriety is insisted on as an inflexible rule. It is quite certain that no man is to be safely trusted to do duty as a sentinel, or to perform any other military service, if he cannot preserve his sobriety. We do not doubt that many of the melancholy accidents which have occurred among our own troops, such as shooting privates and officers by mistake, or by the casual discharge of a pistol or musket, may be traced to that carelessness which the best drilled regular may be guilty of when stupefied by rum. Good water used freely, inwardly and outwardly, is the very best thing of the kind for troops in camp, and it should be the only beverage of an army in an enemy's presence, unless we except tea and coffee. The abolition, therefore, of the liquor trade in and near our camps, is a move in the right direction, and we shall hope to see it become a universal regulation of the service. There is the best reason to believe that our soldiers themselves would soon realize the good effects of the restriction, and acquiesce in it with all possible cheerfulness.

COUNT CAVOUR.

When a man so distinguished as Count Cavour dies, and especially when he dies suddenly, there is an instant desire in the public mind to anticipate the verdict of history, and sum up his faults and his virtues, to form a just estimate of his character. "Say nothing but good concerning the dead" is an old motto, which is just sufficiently kept in mind in this estimate, to soften down the harsh features of particular acts, yet not so completely or openly as to prevent their being taken somewhat into the account.

There is no doubt that Count Cavour was one of the most successful men of his day—a rising man himself through life, and one who succeeded in greatly raising his country. His father was a prosperous merchant, and he received a business education. Having travelled in Europe, and resided in England, he yet coincided in the absolute politics of Charles Albert till his downfall, and then became the leader of those liberal tactics which have made Sardinia so successful in leading Italy and accumulating power. By leading his little State to take part with England and France, in the war with the allies, while Austria temporized, he got money from England, and friendship from France, which ripened into a royal alliance with the latter country, and the constitutional sympathies of the former.

His seat among the allies at the Council of the Treaties of Paris, enabled him to turn the feelings of all Europe against Austria. Thus, finally, he brought in France to help him to tear Lombardy from Austria, and commence that work of political reconstruction which has drawn nearly all Italy into the dominion of his Royal master. As an eloquent speaker, an able writer of diplomatic letters, and a reliable man of moderate and sound views, he secured the cordiality of absolutist Napoleon, the sympathy of Constitutional England, and the co-operation of the red republicans of Italy.

Nor is there any doubt that he became the benefactor of Italy—one of the greatest benefactors in fact of his age and of his race, by his politic moderation and his power of combining extremes. He had but a single enmity—that against Austria, one of the most absolute of wretchedly governed States of Europe; and even that enmity, though life-long, and the only unwavering policy of his life, was yet not so implacable in his bosom but what it could at all times be kept under by the dictates of prudence. Indeed, he, and he alone, at times could hold this feeling in check.

But the question that history will still further have to settle, is this: was he one of those pure patriots and enlightened statesmen that will stand out, through all coming times, as a model of public virtue, and eminent statesmanship? He was a moderator of extremes, but this was always in such a time and way as to evince great and subtle policy, rather than lofty and comprehensive principle, more of the experimentalism of the late Sir Robert Peel than the fixed and immutable sense of right, truth, and justice which characterized Washington and the moderation of his course.

Compared with Garibaldi, he seems to lack disinterestedness, for his principles or his passions are never so strong as to lead him for an instant to put to the hazard what he had gained for liberty in the hopes of gaining more. That incorruptible soldier, brave, loyal to great principles, succeeded in nearly all he has accomplished by a desperate risking of his life and reputation, while Cavour stood by ready to applaud and aid him so far as he could safely, but equally determined not to risk much to help him if he got himself into difficulty. Perhaps the true line lay in the medium between them. But Cavour was a safer prime Minister for a country, and his policy was better for a nation than that of Garibaldi.

Cavour was as much superior to Talleyrand in point of disinterestedness, as he has been supposed to have been inferior to Garibaldi. He could not have changed about from Napoleon to Louis XVIII, as that wily diplomatist did. In fact, Cavour seems to have been a sort of mixture of the astuteness of Prince Talleyrand, with the sound principle and practical view of all matters for which the late Sir Robert Peel was so celebrated. He was quite equal in ability to William Pitt, and did his country far more good. But in the simplicity of true greatness, in the singleness of his aim, and in the unexceptionable character of his means, he will rank far, very far below Washington.

THE OBJECT OF THE WAR.

As the war progresses, we become more and more sensible of its inevitable evils. Hence, in certain quarters, there is a growing wish for some peaceful adjustment of the present difficulty. But is any such thing possible? Even those who are so earnestly praying for an immediate termination of the strife, do not suggest, and are, doubtless, unable to suggest, any practicable method of achieving the object which they so much desire. By better understanding the nature of the contest and the position which the Federal Government occupies in it, we may gain a better comprehension of the very great obstacles which stand in the way of a pacific solution of the trouble at this time. Actual hostilities were initiated by the rebel States in Charleston harbor. Before and since that period, the administration at Washington has simply endeavored to suppress a treasonable insurrection against the national authority. Its real aim has been, not to subjugate any portion of the people or of the States of the South, but simply to induce, by persuasion, if possible, or to compel, by force, if necessary, all citizens who are in revolt against the Government, to return to their fidelity and allegiance. The effort has been and is, to vindicate the violated majesty of the constitution and the laws—to show that the Government has power to maintain itself against assault from without or from within—to prove, in short, that it is, really, what it has hitherto claimed and been acknowledged to be, a political organization, endowed with all the essential attributes of a sovereign State, including that of self-protection, together with the faculty of enforcing obedience to all its rightful jurisdiction, in all places, and at all times.

This, then, being the attitude of the Government in the present dreadful controversy with a formidable number of its own citizens, who have rebelled against its legitimate authority, it seems obvious that it cannot, with dignity or safety, stop now to make terms with the rebels on any such basis as they would be likely to offer or accept. Our opinion is, that the rebellion has proceeded too far to be temporized or treated with, except upon the condition that the refractory States will first lay down their arms, acknowledge their treason, and ask to be allowed to seek a redress for any grievances they may have really suffered, by the peaceful and regular modes pointed out in the Constitution. A truce or suspension of hostilities, on any other ground, would be a surrender by the Government of the stand it has taken in the effort now making to assert and vindicate its authority, and a virtual confession to those of its subjects who are in arms against it, as well as to the world, that it lacks the nerve and the capacity to defend itself even from the assaults of internal enemies. Any peace made while the rebellion is in actual existence would be a peace purchased not only at the expense of the honor and integrity of the nation, but it would be a peace that would rather postpone than rectify the evil it should propose to cure, since it would leave the way open for a recurrence, at any period in the future, of the disastrous civil dissension and conflict by which the country is now convulsed to its centre. The crisis has come in our history which seems designed to test the inherent strength of the political system, founded by the wise and virtuous fathers of the Republic, and it must be improved to the full extent of showing ourselves and all mankind that the structure of our liberties is based on a solid foundation, and not on a shifting quicksand of popular caprice, passion and violence, which every wave of faction may agitate. Therefore, before the Government is asked to listen even to overtures from the rebel States, much less to grant them any conditions of peace and reconciliation whatever, let the said States return under the rightful dominion of the Government, and place themselves, as far as it is yet possible for them to do so, in the situation and relations in which they stood before the war—*in statu quo ante bellum*. When they have done this, the Government may then properly hear any complaints they have to make, and redress them, also, if they may deserve to be redressed.

THE EFFECT OF THE BLOCKADE.—If the military movements around Washington alarm the insurgents, the naval blockade gives them a great deal more present inconvenience. The shutting up of the ports of the seceded States has already produced a scarcity in several necessaries of life and of war. Salt has become scarce and the Savannah journals say that they will be unable next winter to cure beef and pork. The manufacture of salt from sea water is accordingly recommended to furnish the supply required. Hay, which is imported from the North, is entirely cut off, and the papers recommend that wheat, rye and oat straw should be saved and sprinkled with salt as it is packed away. The support of an army will require cattle to eat, horses for transportation and provender for those horses; all these will have to be of home production should the war continue and the government enforce the blockade of the seceding ports. Powder is also a scarce article. There are Southern manufacturers trying to extract the sulphur from the sulphurous pyrites of North Carolina, but the process is a very tedious and expensive one, and greatly adds to the cost of the powder. These inconveniences are just beginning. To a people so dependent as the South, notwithstanding its agricultural resources, their troubles must increase with every day's blockade.

WILL TAKE THEIR SEATS.—The Cincinnati Enquirer says, "It is with pleasure we can say that Kentucky will be represented in the United States Senate at the approaching session of Congress. Major Breckinridge and Mr. Powel will both attend and be in their seats."

COMPROMISE FOR PEACE.

One of the wide-awake for news journals of New York learns from a "semi-official" source (what kind of a source is a *semi-official* source?) that Jeff Davis, through commissioners, has made two propositions to our Government for the settlement of hostilities. The first is to recognize the independence of the Southern Confederacy, and let them try the experiment of separate government, and, if a failure, then to have the government reconstructed. Second—The South will abandon its hostilities against the Government if Congress will pass, at the coming session, an irrepealable constitutional provision recognizing and legalizing forever the institution of slavery below thirty-six thirty, which is the Southern boundary line of the State of Missouri. This report is not probable. Jeff Davis may dread the consequences of the rebellion he has produced, but he is not so foolish as to ask the President to permit rebellion to be successful, when an army of a hundred thousand men has been assembled to crush it. The second proposition, in various forms, was distinctly rejected by the Republican party in the last Congress, and is not likely now to be revived successfully. The only compromise the Government can listen to is for the rebels to agree to lay down their arms. That being done, Congress may be ready to redress grievances, if any exist. We shall probably have a repetition daily of such despatches as this, until Congress assemble, but they are undoubtedly without foundation. The rebels evince no disposition to compromise. They distinctly avow that they will never come back into the Union, and such is evidently their present purpose. Nothing but the strong arm of the Government is likely to remove that determination from their minds.

THE GAME OF COERCION.—The Confederates, who denounce coercion as very wicked when employed in defence of the Constitution and laws, do not hesitate to employ it to crush every spark of Union feeling in the Seceded States. The "Friends of the Union" in Brazoria county, Texas—there are still a few Union men in the South, though the fact is so positively denied—have published a letter imploring their brethren of the North to sustain them in their rights as American citizens and supporters of the Union. Gangs of lawless scoundrels, under the name of a "Vigilance Committee," undertake to decide for every man the tendency of his political sympathies, and to threaten with violence every one whom they suspect. The letter says: "You cannot imagine the cruel treatment inflicted on us by the Secessionists. All who refuse to aid and abet the rebellion must suffer death. A man dare not own to being a Union man here. The cry is, 'Down with the Union and hang the Abolitionists.' A free white man, unless he is a slaveholder or a Secessionist, is worse than nobody."

ONE OF THEIR ALLIES.—Bragg, who used to be a great believer in "grape," seems now to have very little faith in anything as a means to rout the Federal troops from Pickens, except mosquitoes. All the letters from the Confederates in that quarter are invoking the early appearance of the mosquitoes, which are expected to do what Bragg's columbiads have not done—make them evacuate the fort. We fear that the Confederates are calculating too largely upon their allies and too little upon their own bravery. The men who expect to meet the prick of an enemy's bayonet, are scarcely the persons to fear the sting of a mosquito, though it is very natural that the Southern soldiers at Pensacola, who are said to be too lazy to carry their own guns, should look to some extraneous aid, to drive out the stubborn mechanics who have taken up their permanent residence on the sacred soil of Florida.

☞ Charleston is without specie, and the Legislature has absolved the banks from the liability to pay coin. As a consequence, trade is nearly or quite at a dead stand. In this dilemma the Charlestonians have hit upon a notable expedient. Charleston genius has discovered the philosopher's stone, Potosi, and all the silver producing regions are not a circumstance, and mints a positive nuisance. The "Corporation of Charleston" is to become at once a silver mine, refiner, mint and banker. Shinplasters are the panacea for the evils resulting from the absence of small change in Charleston, and the Corporation are to issue them. They are to be done on silk paper, embiazoned with engravings of the palmetto in the centre. Traders are thus to be furnished with the means of changing the ponderous gold coins of gentlemen who smoke or imbibe whisky, so that the balance of traffic will not all be on one side. As to when, or where, or how, these illustrated shinplasters are to be redeemed, our information is silent. It has been suggested that inasmuch as they are based on secession patriotism, the necessity of redeeming them at all may be obviated by hanging the first man who presents a hat-full for their equivalent in coin. This might not possibly add to their value, or facilitate their circulation as currency, but it would certainly relieve the city treasury.

☞ "Next to the Newgate Calendar the biography of authors is the most sickening chapter in the history of man." Prentice says that, and he ought to be ashamed of it. "*Tempora mutantur,*" etc. The times change, "and we change with them. Who would be ashamed of the biographies of the best of our American authors now living or dead within this generation? Cooper, Bancroft, Everett, Irving, Prescott, Bryant, Halleck, Holmes, Longfellow, Whittier, and many more—gentlemen all; men of clean lives and of good repute with their neighbors. No class of men in this country at least, have less to blush for than the literary class. That's so, Mr. Prentice; and *you* ought to be aware of the fact. Of course we are talking of authors, including editors, if you like, and not of "Bohemians" and that ilk of pen-and-ink men. The old stories of the sins and miseries of authors are no longer true, and the public ought to know it. Our poets are not mendicant minstrels, nor are our popular prose writers reduced, as too many of their predecessors in England were, to earn a poor and precarious existence as bookseller's hacks. Most of them are thrifty, some are wealthy, and nearly all are estimable citizens.

☞ One of the complaints made by the South against the North is, that we have grown rich at their expense. There is some doubt about this, as it has been repeatedly stated by merchants, that the losses by the Southern failures and recent wholesale repudiation, amount to a far greater sum than has ever been realized from Southern trade. One of the most successful shoe dealers of Massachusetts has recently made a calculation after which he expresses the opinion that the late losses by the failure of Southern merchants to meet their payments are greater than all the benefits that have accrued from the trade for the last thirty years. We would have made a trifle out of the South if they had paid their debts; but while they have been branding the Yankees as cheats they have been paving the way for a big steal, which has completely turned the tables on us.

☞ That men change their place without changing their state of mind, is the experience of thousands—who, in spite of their hopes, have found gloom in France; a black sky in Italy; and unhappiness everywhere. It is no more in the climate than in our stars "that we are thus or thus." 'Tis in ourselves. One can leave his country at will—but from his own mind, fair or foul, nature has assured a perpetual "*Ne exeat regno*:"

"Active in indolence abroad we roam,
In quest of happiness—which dwells at home;
With vain pursuits fatigued at length you'll find
No place excludes it from an equal mind."

☞ The construction which the Attorney-General of Louisiana gives to the war laws of commerce are of the harshest kind—and if Louisiana was a creditor State, North, instead of a debtor, Louisiana would growl well over it—but as things are, the construction is, in substance: "We owe you Yankees a great deal of money, but we don't intend anybody shall pay you, and if anybody attempts it, we will hang him for State treason," &c.

AMUSEMENTS.

At *Sanford's Opern House*, on Eleventh street, there is now performing one of the most amusing of companies, in the way of negro extravaganza, ever in this city, Sanford having added to his attractions, Dudworth, who is said to be the rival of Christy, and Backus, who, in his peculiar line of low comedy, is favorably compared with the late Billy Burton. This company, we have heard it intimated, contemplate a short tour through the principal towns of the four lower counties in New Jersey, and if they go, we venture more and better amusement in all that pertains to their line of performance, than was ever before given in West Jersey.

Hooley and Campbell's Minstrels, after a week's sojourn in Baltimore, resumed their entertainments, at the Walnut Street Theatre, on Monday evening. They are capital musicians and vocalists. Birch and Brower appear in addition to the band.

MAPS FOR THE TIMES.—T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of this city, have sent us maps of "500 miles around Washington," and "500 miles around Cairo," the two great centres of the forces of the Government to put down the unnatural rebellion of the South. All the State boundaries, rivers, roads and towns within the circuit of each point named, are presented and marked in their proper places. When so many friends are from home enduring the privations and hardships of war, it is a great satisfaction when we hear of their location, or of a battle, to be able to put the finger on the precise spot, as may be done by the aid of these cheap maps. Price only 25 cents per copy.

THE AGGREGATE NUMBER OF DEATHS in Philadelphia for the week ending on Saturday, the 22d inst., was 266—95 adults and 171 children. There were 34 from consumption of the lungs, 6 from inflammation of the lungs, 24 from small pox, 28 from scarlet fever, 7 from debility, 13 from convulsions, 7 from diptheria, 19 from still born, and 1 from palsy.

TELEGRPH NEWS.

News Received by Telegraph on Saturday and Monday.

From California—By Pony Express.

Reception of the War News at San Francisco.

FORT KEARNEY, June 22.—The Pony Express passed here this morning, bringing the following news from California:

The steamer Golden Age had sailed for Panama, carrying 125 passengers and $796,000 in treasure for New York.

The sum of $1,360,000 has been subscribed towards the San Francisco and San Jose Railroad. The cost of the work is estimated at $2,000,000.

It is remarked as a surprising circumstance that at no time during several years past could real estate in San Francisco be sold at as good prices as now, while the amount of building improvements going on is immense.

The Pony Express, with the news of the advance of the Federal troops into Virginia, the capture of Alexandria and other points about Washington, and the assassination of Col. Ellsworth had arrived. The news caused much excitement throughout the State, and intensified the Union sentiment. Flags are everywhere displayed at half-mast in respect to Ellsworth.

Gen Sumner has published an order requiring army officers to take the oath of allegiance. Gen. S. has also ordered one company of troops from Benecia to Fort Churchill, in Nevada Territory, to protect the overland Mail from the Indians, and, it is stated, to keep a lock out for secession sympathizers, whose head-quarters are in the Carson Valley region. The State arms which were sent to Carson Valley last year, for use against the Indians, and have since remained on that side of the mountains, have recently been claimed and delivered up to Captain Moore, of the U. S. A.

The Los Angeles Star of the 8th gives further particulars of the Indian hostilities on the late Butterfield route. It says that Samuel Aimes, of San Diego, arrived at Los Angeles May 31st, from Fort Yuma, with intelligence that Sam'l. Hughes, Miller, Bartlett and Camp, who were gathering up stock belonging to Hughes, were attacked by the Apaches and killed, also four or five Mexicans who were with them are missing, and supposed to have been killed. At Stem's Peak the Indians attacked Mr. Gidding, of the San Antonio and San Diego mail line, killing the driver and two animals of the team. Mr. M. Heesey, of the Overland Mail, who was on the stage, and Mr. Giddings, had not since been heard from, and were supposed to have been killed. Troops from Fort Buchanan were out scouring the country in pursuit of the Indians and in search of the missing men.

From Havana.

The Dominicans Resisting Annexation—Towns Fortified, Assisted by the Haytiens—Reported Massacre by the Spanish Troops.

NEW YORK, June 24.—The steamers Columbia and De Soto have arrived here from Havana with dates to the 20th inst. The De Soto brings the mail bags of the lost steamer Zulu.

The yellow fever had made its appearance at Havana, but not among the shipping.

It is reported that five important towns in the interior of St. Dominge have been fortified and assisted by the Haytiens. The people intend to resist the Spanish progress there. It is also reported that the inhabitants of one village there have been massacred by Spanish troops because they refused to swear allegiance to Spain. There is a report that the Spanish troops have been defeated in a small engagement. Additional troops have been sent from Havana to reinforce the army there.

An intense excitement exists at Havana relative to affairs in the United States.

Freights are better. The stock of sugar in port is 312,000 boxes.

From Fortress Monroe.

News from Richmond by a Returned Volunteer—War Steamer Burned.

FORTRESS MONROE June 23, (via Baltimore.)—Gen. Butler spent this morning at Newport News, from whence there has been no movement of importance reported.

Col. Townsend's Regiment was on guard duty yesterday, in the direction of Fox Hill. During several nights after the affair at Great Bethel, we had no guard across Hampton Creek.

I have had a long conference with Reuben Parker, of the Vermont Regiment, who was exchanged last evening for an Old Dominion Dragoon, named Carter. He represents that the rebels still have three prisoners, viz: George Mason, of the Second New York Regiment; Charles Metcalf, of Col. Duryea's Zouaves, are at Richmond; and Daniel A. Mooney, of Capt. Wilson's company, Troy Regiment, is at Yorktown.

T. W. Clark, of the Third New York Regiment deserted the night before the Great Bethel affair. He obtained a citizen's dress from a secessionist and gave the rebels full information of our movements. He is now at Richmond, but the rebels would not receive him into their service. Parker, not hearing the order to retreat, was overtaken by a party of rebel infantry, and on the evening of the fight was marched to Yorktown, with the main body of their force, with his hands tied behind his back. From Yorktown he was taken to Richmond, and there kept till exchanged. He was carefully guarded, but in every respect well treated. He reports a large rebel force at Yorktown, and every steamer brings down additional troops.

Provisions are scarce, and the rebels are badly fed and clothed. There were but few passengers between Yorktown and Richmond. Jeff. Davis was at the latter city.

Last week, a storehouse at Richmond, containing $100,000 worth of property, was destroyed by fire, and on Saturday night the war steamer Glencove was burned to the waters edge. Both cases of incendiarism, the authors of which have not been discovered. They now have only steamers on the James river.

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, June 24.—No intelligence has been received of the whereabouts of Captain Kellogg, of the Connecticut Second Regiment, whose gallantry lately led him into an ambuscade. He was in command of the Minster Company.

Professor Lowe made an ascension to-day with his army balloon, but no direct information has been received outside of the War Department. Report says he discovered large secession forces. It is said that the secessionists also employ a balloon for the same purpose.

All was quiet at the outposts during last night. The telegraphic wire between Camps Upton and Tyler was cut during the night.

It was reported, this evening, that the steamer Pocahontas would sail for Matthias Point at 8 o'clock, but a personal visit dispelled the rumor, although steam was up, ready to start at any moment. The steamer Pawnee is still in the neighborhood of Acquia Creek, and can attend to operations at Matthias Point.

Signor Mottino to-day presented to the President letters re-accrediting him as Minister from Costa Rica and Nicaragua, etiquette requiring this course on his part, in consequence of the recall of Mr. Dimitry as U. S. Minister to that Republic, and the appointment of a successor.

Affairs in Missouri.

ST. LOUIS, June 24.—The Democrat learns from citizens of Lexington, arrived here, that the news of the defeat of the State forces at Boonville had greatly discouraged the secessionists of Lafayette and the adjoining counties. They also state that the moderate secessionists of Lexington are anxious to testify their allegiance to the Federal Government, and secure peace and order in the State. The Mayor of Lexington is a violent secessionist, and has left the city, and his successor, a good Union man, proclaims his determination to preserve law and order, and protect the rights of all classes of citizens, in which he is sustained by the almost unanimous voice of the people.

It is not thought that Gen. Lyon will proceed further up the river, but proceed to the South next, where, in conjunction with Col. Siegell's command at Springfield, he will invite battle with Ben McCullough, or any one else in command of the Arkansas troops.

Horrible Affair at Wyandotte.

Forty Volunteers Burned Beneath the Ruins of their Drill-room—Several Lives Lost.

KANSAS CITY, June 24.—A horrible disaster occurred at Wyandotte, Kansas, yesterday, about 10 o'clock, A. M., by the falling in of the walls of two buildings and part of a third, burying all the inmates, some forty persons. The buildings were some four stories high, situated on the levee, and previously been used as the head-quarters of the First Regiment of Kansas volunteers. Yesterday, Capt. Haines, with a company of forty men, entered the building for the purpose of drilling, preparatory to being received into the United States service, when the centre wall of the building suddenly gave way, plunging the whole company beneath the mass of ruins. A number were instantly killed, and one, a German, name unknown, died soon after being liberated. One man had both legs and arms broken. Twelve or fifteen others were slightly injured. Some escaped without a bruise. The loss by the destruction of the building is not known.

Army Movements.

LEAVENWORTH, June 24.—A detachment of regulars, from Kansas City, captured 35 Secessionists and a small quantity of arms and ammunition, at Liberty, Mo., on the 19th. The three remaining companies of the First Kansas regiment, with one company of regulars, marched to Kansas City yesterday. The force at that point now numbers about 2500 volunteers and regulars. They are provided with means of transportation and camp equipage for a march.

Special Congressional Election.

WILKESBARRE, June 24.—Hon. Hendrick B. Wright has been elected to Congress from the Twelfth District, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Hon. George W. Scranton. He had no opposition. Mr. Wright is a Democrat, but, being an uncompromising Union man, and in favor of sustaining the Administration against the Southern rebels, the Republicans of the district declined to make a nomination against him.

HON. GEORGE M. DALLAS.—As some of the papers are canvassing this gentleman's merits with reference to the Congressional vacancy in the Second District, we learn from reliable authority that in no event will Mr. D. consent to be a candidate, his private business requiring his attention at home.

THE NUMBER OF VOLUNTEERS now mustered into the service of the United States, is, as reported to the President by the Secretary of War, about two hundred and twenty-five thousand.

THE MARKETS.

THE MONEY MARKET.

Some months ago the Mint of this city melted up millions of gold dollar pieces, recoining them into pieces of the larger denominations. We then characterized the act as foolish and unwise. The effect which we pointed out as very sure to follow is already manifest here and all over the country—the scarcity of change has given plausible excuse in the mouths of paper-money demagogues for small notes to supply the place of the melted up gold dollars. The demand for small gold at New York has rendered it so scarce that it cannot be obtained in round sums of $1000 to $10,000 without paying a slight premium, while gold of large denominations is most abundant; and yet the Mint continues to coin almost wholly large gold. We know that the depositor of gold has the option of the kind of coin he will take in exchange for it, and that the premium for the dollars and quarter eagles will eventually produce the necessary supply; but the officers of the Mint can do much to expedite the desired object, and considering how much they had to say and do in destroying the now desired coin, it should use every effort in its power to right the wrong done. Two good purposes will be effected by hurrying up a full supply of small gold. First, the convenience of payments at the seat of war will be subserved, and, second, the want of change, which is used as an excuse for the introduction of small bank notes, and which are a nuisance in the currency, would be overcome. Now, in time of rebellion, when small payments by the Government are of continual necessity, it is most important that there should be no lack in the supply of the means of doing it in the most reliable and convenient medium—and especially should this be the case when those who are warring against the Government are reduced to the use of an irredeemable paper currency, down even to the paltry sum of five cents. Coin, for all currency purposes, as contrasted with the trash denominated currency at the South, will prove an item of much strength in favor of the Federal authorities.

The officers of the North Pennsylvania Railroad Company have issued a circular to the bondholds of the Company, in which they avow the Company's inability to provide for the payment of the coupons falling due July 1, 1861, January 1, and July 1, 1862, as heretofore, and ask the bondholders to fund the same, and receive therefor scrip of the Company, payable July 1, 1870, with interest at the rate of six per cent., payable semi-annually on the 1st of January and July, which arrangement, they express the belief, will enable the Company to relieve itself from the financial embarrassment under which it has been struggling since the commencement of the road, and thereby place it in a position to insure the punctual payment of the coupons falling due January 1, 1862, and regularly thereafter. The circular sets forth that the net earnings of the year 1860 were $212,953, being $15,262 over expenses and interest. The earnings for the first six months of the present fiscal year have fallen off $8,772, being an average of $1,462 per month. The falling off, it is said, has been confined to items of freight only; the receipts from passengers having been $3,699 more than in the corresponding period of last year. For the three years previous to the present fiscal year, the earnings showed a steady and regular average increase of $1,000 per month, and the Managers express the opinion that, "whenever the present unhappy difficulties that are now disturbing the country become settled, and business resumes its accustomed activity, there is every reason to believe that the earnings of the Company will again show as satisfactory an increase as in former years." The balance of the coupons due January 1, 1861, amounting to $65,500, it is proposed to pay at as early a day as possible. The floating debt of the Company, $121,893, less cash assets, $21,146, it is promised will be paid off before January 1, 1863, which will leave the entire income after that date applicable to the payment of coupons as they mature. The circular is signed by F. A. Comly, President, by order of the Board of Directors.

The following abstract of Company reports shows the coal tonnage for the week and season, as compared with last season:

ROADS, ETC.	Week.	Season.	Last Season.	Inc'r.	Dec.
Reading R.....	42 502	843 516	675 393	.....	51,877
Schuyl. Nav.....	31,320	354,351	474,243	.....	89,892
Lehigh Nav.....	34,630	396,353	276,773	.....	80,426
Lehigh Val. R.....	12 160	395,716	391,987	3 729	.....
Del. & Lack R.	25,799	456 849	426,842	40 193	.....
Shamokin R.....	5 870	86,362	70 466	9,796	.....
Trevorton R.....	894	20,5 1	41,857	.....	20,286
Lykens' Val. R.	5,324	55 129	56 082	9 046	.....
Broad Top R....	7,493	88,013	85,578	2 695	.....
Penna. Coal.....	25,310	162,393	146 241	16 152	.....
Del & Hudson	22,336	164,558	133 295	31,363	.....
Barclay Railr'd	1,884	9,653	7,453	2,190	.....
Totals.....	219,974	2 961,295	3,637,295	107,601	290,601

Our coal table shows about the same tonnage for the week as was reported last week, and the aggregate now very nearly approaches three millions of tons—only about 35,000 tons less than last season to the same time, when the coal trade was in full operation. There is only a moderate demand for lump coal, with a fair business in the smaller sizes for domestic uses.

The only two of our coal carrying companies that make weekly return of their cash receipts show a serious falling off. The Delaware Division Canal, as compared with corresponding time last year, has lost $22,612—being rather more than 33 per cent. of its revenues. The Morris Canal Company shows a cash loss of $19,551—being a loss of about 20 per cent. on its revenues. The stock and loans of the Delaware Division are $2,400,000—one-third bonded debt and two-thirds shares. The Company, last year, besides sustaining the loss of one or two bad breaches, paid the interest on its bonds and 7 per cent. on the stock, and had a balance in hand at the close of the year. It is estimated that the Company will, this year, be able to pay 6 per cent. on the stock over and above interest. The Morris Canal will, no doubt, pay its interest in full on its bonds, and 10 per cent. on its preferred stock, though there is, just now, rather a poor show for any dividend on the common stock.

The following shows the business of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company for the month of May, 1861, as compared with that of 1860:

	1861.	1860.
Received from coal.....	$265,965 43	$180,581 83
" Merchandise.....	31,762 69	53,775 33
" Travel, &c.....	26,169 57	30 653

ALL OF THEM.

[A Blacksmith of Brooklyn, N. Y., and his four sons, have enlisted during the war in the Fourteenth Regiment.—*Tribune.*]

With head erect and lips compressed,
He throws his hammer by;
The purpose of his manly breast
Is now to do or die.

He seeks the camp: "Put down my name,
(My boys will mind the shop;)
If the traitors want my heart's best blood,
I'll sell it drop for drop.

"And here comes now my oldest boy:
My son, what would you do?"
"Father, my brother will drive the trade;
I've come to fight with you."

"God bless him! Well, put down his name,
I cannot send him home.
But here's the other boy, I see:
My son, what made you come?"

"Father, I could not work alone;
The shop may go to—grass;
I've come to fight for the good old flag;
Stand off here—let me pass."

"Yes, put him down—he's a noble boy;
I've two that are younger still;
They'll drive the plow on the Flushing farm,
And work with a right good will.

"My God! and here comes one of them!
My son, you must not go!"
"Father, when traitors are marching on,
I cannot plow or sow."

"Well, thank God, there is one left yet—
He will plow and sow what he can;
But he's only a boy, and can never do
The work of a full-grown man."

With a proud, full heart, the blacksmith turned,
And walked to the other side;
For he felt a weakness he almost scorned,
And a tear he fain would hide.

They told him then his youngest boy
Was putting his name on the roll:
"It must not be," said the brave old man;
"No, no, he's the light of my soul!"

But the lad came up, with a beaming face,
Which bore neither fears nor cares:
"Father, say nothing—my name is down;
I have let out the farm on shares."

And now they've marched to the tented field,
And when the wild battle shall come,
They'll strike a full blow for the Stars and Stripes,
For God, and their country, and Home.

E. R. K.

THE FARMER.

[We will send the "Dollar Newspaper" gratuitously, for one year, to all who will become occasional contributors to this department of the paper. At the expiration of the year it will be discontinued, unless our attention is called to a renewal.]

☞ Some of the contributors to this column seem to forget, after receiving the paper, that our offer of a free subscription conditions for an *occasional* communication. Those who neglect to comply with this condition will be stricken from our free list.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

BROOM CORN.

Soil.—The best soil for broom corn is a rich, warm, loamy one—any soil that is suitable for the growth of good Indian corn. And if a green clover or grass sod can be plowed down for this purpose in the previous fall, it will be still the better for it. For the soil ought to be either naturally rich, or should be made so through manure, such as hog dung, wood ashes, lime.

Preparation of Ground.—The ground should be plowed up deeply and well harrowed and pulverized, just as for Indian corn planting—then furrowed out in light furrows, from two and a half to three feet apart, crosswise or both ways over the field, for easiness of planting as well as after-culture in plowing the crop both ways.

Planting.—Then plant your seeds at each intersection of the above described furrows. This will make your hills from 2½ to 3 feet apart all over your field. Five or six seeds in each hill will be enough, if you are sure they are good—or you may put in more, and afterwards thin out your plants to five or six in a hill, as that number in each hill is plenty. The seeds should be planted from one to two inches deep, and be well rolled down with a roller, to imbed them properly in the soil, and also be planted as soon as possible after the ground is ready for seeding, for, as the soil is then moist, the seeds will sprout up much quicker, and also have a more healthy, green color than if the ground is left exposed to the hot sun for some days before planting it. The time of planting will depend upon the season, the best time being as soon as the ground is warm, and the danger of spring frosts is over.

After-Culture.—Broom corn comes up pretty slowly, and also grows very slowly for two or three weeks after it is up, unless the soil and the weather are very favorable for its growth. And hence this crop requires great care and attention while it is yet small, and will suffer materially if it is not then carefully hoed and weeded. So, if it has a tendency to throw up too many suckers it should be thinned out properly while yet small, as it will be almost impossible and also injurious to pull them up by hand after they have become well rooted. After the plants are up high enough to escape being covered with earth in cultivation, they may be plowed or cultivated both ways, just as we cultivate Indian corn—with this addition only, that the plants should afterwards be dressed up nicely with a handhoe.

Yield Per Acre.—One-third of a ton of broom cornstalks per acre is said by some to be a good average yield per acre, while others tell us that an average crop is equal to, or will make, six hundred brooms per acre. The *seed*, if intended to be saved for use, is very difficult to cure, and should be ripened by exposure to the sun. The yield of seed per acre varies from twenty to thirty bushels, and as an article of commerce is worth from 25 to 50 cents per bushel. And it will, when ground and mixed with oats and other substances, make a good food for either cattle, horses or hogs.

Harvesting.—As soon as the bushy part or top of the growing broom corn is headed out, and the seed has just passed out of its milky state, the top of each broom corn stalk should be broken about a foot below the bushy part, so as to let the top hang down towards the ground. This hanging down of the top serves to keep its bushy parts straighter than they would be if permitted to attain maturity in their natural exact perpendicular position. It is usual to bend between the rows and break the tops so as to make the broken tops lean towards and interlock each other, and thus support each against falling down. And then the tops should be harvested, that is, cut off some six or eight inches below the brush, and threshed or stripped of their seeds, by hand or a machine, before they are fully ripe, or while yet a little green, as the brush will then make a softer, better and more durable broom than it will or can if fully ripe. And the bushy part so cut off should, in the next place, be laid on racks or poles, either in the sun or under an open shed, to a depth of only about two inches, to dry—and, so managed, it will, in two or three weeks, be dry enough to be tied up into bales or bundles for the market or the manufacturer. These bushy parts or tops should never be piled up in heaps when green with the seed on them, as they will then heat in a few hours, turn red, and be damaged by becoming hard and brittle. This period of breaking, cutting and drying of broom corn usually occurs in September. The broom corn stalks still left standing in the field should either be cut off near the ground or broken down flat and plowed into the ground, where they grow, as this will restore to the soil a large part of the elements extracted from it in the growing crop, and so keep up its strength, in connection with other manures, for another crop of broom corn or of Indian corn. Every farmer ought to raise broom corn enough to make his own brooms, and he may even make the brooms himself, after seeing two or three made by a person who understands this broom-making, if he has any ingenuity of head about him.

May, 1861. A Pennsylvanian.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

HONEY AND SWARMS FOR 1861.

It is now evident that there will be few swarms and small yield of honey this year. At the date of this writing (June 8th) there is less honey in most hives than the bees commenced the spring upon; and while there has been a moderate increase of bees, the season is so late that it will take them all to fill the old hives, now almost empty of honey; and but few stocks left to their own instincts, therefore, will throw off new colonies. Those who pursue the artificial plan of *forcing* swarms will do well to take a hint from nature. If swarms should be forced, except in a few favorable cases, they and the present stocks will both require in general, for their own use, all the honey they can make during the season, and if robbed of their store will require winter feeding, and may possibly perish. Of course if the balance of the summer and fall should be unusually excellent for the honey harvest, this prediction must fail altogether or at least partially; but should 1861 prove like 1860 no honey will be stored and sealed after midsummer. All the bees gather afterwards will not be enough for their current supply, and they must fall back on what may now be gathered to feed themselves and their brood even before the autumn is past. My observations this season have shown that but few stocks passed the winter leaving much surplus honey; that up till June 1st there have been but few good honey days, the period of blossoms having been too cool for bees to forage; that there is now to be found in the hives but little honey gathered this year, and less gathered last; that there has appeared as yet only an occasional drone who has had but a surly welcome from the workers; and that only in a few instances have eggs been found in queen cells. The first large supply of honey gathered by the bees has been raspberry—the most delicious of all; we will get none of it: all will go to the bees. The white clover is now beginning to bloom, very little of the honey it will yield will find its way into the side frames or surplus drawers. If, however, the remaining part of summer and fall should be both warm and moist, so that there should be a protracted season of white clover, and abundance of linden blossoms, buckwheat and other flowers, with warm weather for the bees to gather supplies, bee-keepers may yet have moderate profits.

Lawrence County, Pa., 1861. B.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

MANAGEMENT OF CATTLE.

No one who has become acquainted with the different sections of our country will deny that the Eastern States are peculiarly adapted to dairying and stock raising, while the Great West is the appropriate region for the raising of grain. The hilly nature of the more easterly States precludes the idea of frequent plowing for grain crops; for hilly land should not be plowed oftener than necessary, and then should be seeded down as soon as may be. But upon these hills grows a superior quality of *pabulum* for cattle, and in all such localities are found the purest and coolest springs of water, so essential in making good butter. With the reserve of suitable meadow land, and the crops taken from both meadow and pasture, when they are required to be broken up, many of the dairy farmers can expect to meet the ordinary expenses of the family and farm, and have the crop of butter or cheese for their income. Since the reliable demands of market, and the peculiar fitness of this section render stock raising and dairying the leading agricultural pursuits of the people, everything pertaining to its success should have ample consideration. Much effort has been made to introduce, generally, superior imported breeds of cattle, but most often with poor success. All admit the superior appearance of these breeds; but when the subject of profit in the dairy is presented, very many contend for the smaller and less prepossessing breeds of our common cattle; and, from my information upon the subject, when proper management is bestowed upon our common breeds, I regard them as superior milkers. The management of cattle is quite too little regarded by dairymen. Nature and Legislatures have decreed rigid laws and penalties upon the human race, to prevent conjugal relations within the ties of consanguinity, while infractions of this law of nature among cattle scarcely receive a thought among the majority of cattle owners. A neglect so disastrous to the physical welfare of the human race must find a parallel effect upon inferior animals. It is not uncommon that we find monstrosities among cattle as well as among the *genus homo*, which can be traced to this cause. If cattle are *properly* stabled during the inclement winter months, they will consume less hay, and the usual waste will also be diminished; but a close observer will perceive that cattle, which have suitable sheds for protection against winds and sleet, and have their liberty, will do better than cattle which are stabled in the usual manner. Let any who differ upon this subject observe, during extremely cold weather, cattle which stand in a stable, shivering, and more or less covered with white frost and frozen or ordure; then let them observe cattle that are sheltered by commodious sheds, and have exercise at pleasure, which nature requires. If that is not satisfactory, let such persons themselves stand in a *dry* room even, with the temperature down to that of a cold winter day, and when they are benumbed with cold and disgusted with the monotony, use free exercise in the open air, and I think they will appreciate which conduces most to comfort and physical welfare. Cattle, in winter, should have easy access to water, for dry hay, often over salted, excites much thirst. During the butter making season, cattle should have plenty of salt, which improves the quality of the butter and the health of the animal; and besides, if cattle are deprived of this necessary, churning will be a slow and difficult process, and cows should be rendered as gentle and docile as possible. This can be done most effectually by patience and kindness, and rarely, if ever, by violence. A cow, when being milked, should always chew her cud, which is an index of her good nature; she will then give down her milk, and can be milked clean, which should always be done, to prevent the drying up of the milk. Little attentions shown a cow are not useless. A cross, surly milkman is of more damage to a dairy than his labor of milking is worth. The same may be said of too young children, whose strength is not sufficient to milk the cow quickly, as she will often become impatient, and not give down her milk. Turnips, however profitable for feeding other stock, should not be fed to milch cows, for, if so, the butter will usually have a rank, nauseous flavor. When cattle are afflicted with lice, they should not be smeared with oil, infusions of tobacco, and like deleterious applications. A good sprinkling of ground plaster, or even fine sand or loam, will generally remove the vermin. The action of cattle in pawing dirt into the air, to fall upon themselves, would seem to suggest this effect, which experience has verified.

Greene, Chenango co., N. Y. E. D. N.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

HINTS ON HAY-MAKING.

As the season for making hay is approaching, it may not be amiss at this time to offer a few words on the subject. To make good hay, don't dry it too much. Hay may be dried till it is worthless as straw. It should not be *dried* but *cured*—this is the philosophy of making good hay. Cut in the blossom and cure in the shade. The sugar of the plant, when it is in bloom, is in the stalk, ready to form the seeds. If the plant is cut earlier, the sugar is not there; if later, the sugar has become converted to woody matter. Hay should be well wilted in the sun, but cured in the cock. Better to be a little too green than too dry. If, on putting it into the barn, there is danger of heating in the mow, sprinkle some salt on it when it is put in the mow. The cattle will like it none the less. Heat, light and dry winds, with the addition of a shower, will soon take the starch and sugar, which constitute the goodness of hay, out of it, and will so bleach it as to render it in a manner worthless.

Grass cured with the least exposure to the drying winds and searching sunshine, is more nutritious than if longer exposed, however good the weather may be. If over cured it contains more woody fibre and less nutritive matter. The true art of hay-making, then, consists in cutting the grass when the starch and sugar are most fully developed, and before they are converted into seed and woody fibre, and curing it up to the point when it will answer to put in the barn without heating, and no more.

It may not be out of place here, in connection with hay-making, to say a few words about the revolving horse-rake and its advantages in hay-making. This implement, well known in many parts of the country, and in use for many years, holds nearly the same relation to the common hand rake in saving labor, as the plow and cultivator bear to the hand-hoe. Yet, a large portion of our farmers have not availed themselves of its eminent advantages. The amount of work it will perform with a single horse and driver, may be easily estimated by any one, when it is stated that a strip of hay on the ground ten feet wide, may be raked up into winrows as fast as the horse will walk; that is, if the horse travels three miles per hour, more than three acres will be raked in that time, or twenty-four acres per day. It is not merely the saving of labor at the moment that gives this rake all its value; the rapidity with which a large field of hay may be secured from a threatening storm, in case of emergency, is often of the greatest value. Then let every farmer who has not yet availed himself of the great advantages of the horse hay-rake, procure one and use it the coming haying season, and its operations will convince him better than I can that it is an indispensable implement on every farm. Buckeye.

Ohio, O., 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

HENS.

I noticed an article in the "Newspaper," some time since, upon the profit of keeping hens. I will give a brief statement of my experiment. In 1854, I kept a strict account of the expense and receipts of eleven hens. They were kept, during the summer, in an open park, fifteen feet square, with a small roost attached. I frequently changed the kind of feed, thereby feeding all kinds of grain. My manner of feeding was to feed them three times a day, with as much as they would eat. I frequently gave them fresh meat, chopped fine, lime, and meal, scalded and sprinkled with both cayenne and black pepper. In round numbers, their expense for feed during the year was $3 25, making 75 cents apiece, which, with the original cost (25 cents) of the hen, amounts to $1. They laid 115 dozen eggs, which, at 12 cents per dozen, amount to $13 80. Also, I raised eleven early chickens, worth, at the end of the year, 25 cents apiece. Total receipts, $16 55, making a trifle over $1 50 apiece, which gives 50 cents apiece, yearly, for care and trouble. E. D. N.

Greene, N. Y.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

PASTURING ON THE ROADS.

A question of some interest, to our farmers at least, is the proper management of our roads. Shall they be pastured? The pasturing of our roads by many of our able farmers is always a great nuisance to their neighbors. Cattle that are confined principally to the roads are generally unruly, and have to be watched to prevent them from doing mischief in leaping fences. It is certainly an unneighborly act for one man to let his cattle run about the roads in harvest time, or any other busy time, when he knows his neighbor is hauling hay and grain from his field to the barn, compelling him to watch or shut the gate and bars each time they are passed through, or have his grain destroyed by the ever watchful road stock. I would like to hear from some one else on this subject.

A Sufferer.

Gordonsville, Pa., 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

RECIPES.

To Cure Scratches on Horses.—Take one spoonful of gunpowder, one do. of lard, one do. of spirits of turpentine. Pulverize and mix together—it will cure in a few days.

Staggers.—I have cured blind staggers in sheep by cutting off the ear.

Sows Devouring their Young.—Some have supposed that this is caused by a desire for meat, and they have fed pork to their sows to remedy the evil. But it is a mistaken view of the case. When they are confined to a sty or small pen they are deprived of pure earth and various condiments that conduce to their health, consequently a feverish habit is induced which causes an unnatural appetite, and the unfortunate animal, in her frenzied state, attempts to satisfy it by eating her own offspring. It has been found that when hogs run at large, seeking various condiments as they please, they do not devour their young. Allow the sow as much room in the yard as convenient, and throw in fresh, pure earth, if there be not a supply and if she be limited to a small space. Where there are no green vegetables, give her weeds and grass sods, also charcoal and rotten wood.

Scours in Sheep.—Take pulverized charcoal and give a tablespoonfull every three or four hours in sweet milk; if the case is bad you can give three spoonsful without injury to the sheep.

Stretches.—A tablespoonful of caster oil to each sheep generally gives relief and soon effects a cure under good treatment as to food.

Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRY.

Cider Pommace.—*Child, O.*—I have at my cider mill a large pile of cider pommace. Will some brother farmer be kind enough to tell me in the "Newspaper" if it is worth anything as a manure, and on what and how I shall apply it? Buckeye.

Gapes.—As this is the season for raising chickens, and having seen in the "Newspaper," at different times, the cure of gapes in chickens, if you think it worth while to publish my simple plan, it is as follows: Take a small quantity of tobacco, light it, and hold the chickens over it, and let them inhale the smoke till they sneeze two or three times. Follow it up until they recover, which will be in a short time. I have never found it to fail.

Perhaps some of your numerous readers can inform me why the hens pull each others' feathers out and eat them, and the remedy. Also, what will cure the Pip. It will greatly oblige me and others. O. B. P.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THISTLES.

The French have a law that authorizes and requires every farmer to bring a suit against his neighboring farmers who shall *neglect to destroy thistles* growing on his own land, or if he so chooses, to employ some person to destroy such growing thistles at the expense of him who owns the land. And in some parts of our own country, and in Canada, it is made by law the especial duty of the supervisor of the roads or highways to see this noxious pest destroyed wherever he may find it in his road-repairing pursuit through the township. Would it not be well for us to have a law of some kind in Pennsylvania for the destruction of the Canada Thistle and our other most injurious weeds? A.

ETIQUETTE.

USAGES IN FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

New Year Calls.

The American custom of gentlemen making calls on all their friends on New Year's day is very ancient, having originated among the Dutch settlers of New York. In 1840 it was at its height, almost every family with any social pretensions setting a New Year's table, and making a display according to their means. It is still continued, though with much less parade and entertainment. Under the old arrangement, Young America was apt to take too much wine and an excess of hot whisky punches, hence big treats on New Year's fell into disfavor. At the present time most families in New York City, and to some extent in large towns, receive New Year calls. The ladies are at home to all their gentlemen acquaintances from eleven or twelve o'clock in the day up to ten at night. It is not customary, however, to set a table or make a display as formerly, but to receive the gentlemen, who pass the compliments of the season, and after a few moments' chat retire. In some houses, if they protract their visit beyond a few moments, they are asked to take a glass of wine with the ladies. That is all.

In making New Year calls, gentlemen frequently go in couples, and by threes and fours. They call on the female friends of the whole party, and if one or more of them should not be acquainted with the ladies where the call is made, they are introduced. It is not usual, however, to make promiscuous introductions in the best society. Most people are not very particular, because these casual introductions do not really amount to anything.

New Year's day is the gala day for match-makers among the ladies. All the country cousins, and young ladies in the matrimonial market, are marshalled and drilled to make the best possible appearance—in short, to put on their most bewitching and fascinating smiles—and we are happy to add that casual acquaintances thus made often end in new friendships, and not unfrequently in closer ties.

If a gentleman is introduced to ladies while making a New Year call, it does not warrant him to claim the privilege of a friend of the family. He should never call a second time except he be specially invited, or unless he has permission to do so through an acknowledged friend of the family. If he is desirous of a further acquaintance with the young ladies, he will request the friend who introduced him to ask such permission.

In receiving their company on New Year's day, ladies have the largest liberty and freedom. They can chat with any one who comes properly introduced, with the same frankness and lack of reserve that they would with their most intimate friends. All ceremony is dispensed with for the moment; but as the visits are necessarily short, if there should happen to be any cases of "love at first sight," the smitten youth must manage to get an invitation for future further acquaintance.

New Year is a jubilee for bashful girls. On that occasion they show themselves in a frank, hearty and free-and-easy manner, in singular contrast to the stiff etiquette of their common every-day life. They are not then afraid of making a mistake, and they act natural. I have always admired the characters of bashful girls, and whenever opportunity offers I make their acquaintance. Their reserve seldom or ever comes from stupidity. They are usually amiable, intelligent and clever, if not so quick-witted as their more favored sisters. If I was pressed to choose me a wife at random, I would select a bashful young lady.

The two or three days succeeding New Year are the ladies' days for calling, to pass the compliments of the season. This custom has now become quite as popular as the New Year calls of the gentleman. The ladies discuss with each other the number of their gentlemen visiters on New Year, the new faces they have seen, and the matrimonial prospects for the year. It is customary on these occasions to offer wine and other refreshments, and to drink to each other's health and prosperity.

Love and Courtship.

Young people of both sexes are too apt to wax romantic, and think of love and courtship before they are out of their teens. Some girls may marry thus early and do well enough, but we earnestly protest against boyish courtships. They should be frowned down in every social circle. Young men under twenty years old who think of marrying are generally those who have not seen much of good society. A boy candidate for matrimony is usually a bashful fellow, who yearns for a social companion of some kind, and picks up the first silly girl he meets. If circumstances had so favored him that he could have gone more into female society, the probability is he would never have committed a folly that may prove the bane of his future social existence. It is almost unnecessary to say that boys who marry, and girls who marry them, are by that act out of the pale of good society. No one would recognize a pair of children in the matrimonial state. They must tarry at home, and live upon love, until the husband's beard is grown. There are a few silly women, of not much account anywhere, who might patronize married boys for the sake of being praised and lionized by somebody. That is all.

A young man should make up his mind not to marry until he is twenty-five. If he enters society with that determination, and possessing any degree of firmness of purpose, there is little danger to him of the shafts of Cupid. At that age he will have acquired such a knowledge of himself, both physically and mentally, as will enable him to set up a proper standard of female excellence, and to determine what qualities, physical and mental, should characterize the woman who is to be his companion for life.

Do not make up your mind to wait till you have acquired a fortune before you marry. You should not, however, assume the responsibilities of a family without a reasonable prospect of being able to maintain one. If you are established in business, or have an adequate income for the immediate requirements of the new relation, you may safely trust to your own energy and self-reliance for the rest.

Girls of good sense will not be ambitious to marry until after their twentieth year. They should then seek partners among gentlemen who are from five to ten years older than themselves. If a girl is of a romantic turn, and in danger of falling in love, we would respectfully suggest that she should form no intimate acquaintances with the other sex except among those who are of suitable age for her. She will thus avoid the Scylla of a green husband, even if she gets wrecked upon the Charybdis of a shiftless or unprincipled one.

DEAD LOVE.

[From Chambers' Journal.]

We are face to face, and between us here
Is the love we thought could never die
Why has it only lived a year?
Who has murdered it—you or I?

No matter who—the deed was done
By one or both, and there it lies;
The smile from the lip forever gone,
And darkness over the beautiful eyes.

Our love is dead, and our hope is wrecked;
So what does it profit to talk and rave,
Whether it perished by my neglect,
Or whether your cruelty dug its grave?

Why should you say that I am to blame,
Or why should I charge the sin on you?
Our work is before us all the same,
And the guilt of it lies between us two.

We have praised our love for its beauty and grace;
Now we stand here, and hardly dare
To turn the face-cloth back from the face,
And see the thing that is hidden there.

Yet look! ah, that heart has beat its last,
And the beautiful life of our life is o'er,
And when we have buried and left the past,
We two, together, can walk no more.

You might stretch yourself on the dead, and weep
And pray as the Prophet prayed, in pain;
And not like him could you break the sleep,
And bring the soul to the clay again.

Its head in my bosom I can lay,
And shower my wo there, kiss on kiss,
But there never was resurrection-day
In the world for a love so dead as this!

And since we cannot lessen the sin
By mourning over the deed we did,
Let us draw the winding-sheet up to the chin,
Ay, up till the death-blind eyes are hid!

Phœbe Cary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAXIMILIAN'S COURTSHIP.

My friend Max had an imperial nose—half-hawkish, that is: large, bright eyes, a small mouth, and luxuriant brown hair. His full, overhanging moustache was screwed into points and waxed at the ends in the Hungarian fashion, so that they stood out from his cheeks like two rods, at exactly right angles to his nose. In what robes or simple habiliments my friend Max would have arrayed himself, had he possessed ample means, it would be difficult to say; but as his said means were decidedly limited, there was a seediness, not to say a splendid shabbiness, in his appearance, which reminded one strongly of the past, and held out very little hopes for the future. His chief garment was a wide-sleeved, broad-skirted, no-waisted, velvet-collared, and most elaborately braided burnouse, which, as it was warm weather, was spread over the back of his chair, in the manner of an imperial robe, with the sleeves conspicuously in front, on account of the braiding. Max smoked his segar in short, emphatic puffs, and sipped his coffee, as he sat in the Paradise Garden, on the ramparts of Vienna, with all of the indolence of the East and some of the graces of the West.

Max was under promise to tell me the story of his courtship, and he thus began:

"Amalie has such beautiful eyes!" said my sister Sophie to me one day.

"The Frauline Amalie Stralich has a fortune of five thousand guldens," said my mother, following suit,

"Her papa is such a kind, fine old gentleman," continued Sophie.

"The Herr von Stralich's estate of Eichenwald," pursued my mother, "is not to be matched in the whole circle."

Now, I knew all this before. Amalie Stralich had beautiful eyes and a dower of five thousand guldens; and as for the old gentleman and his estate, I had shaken hands with the one, and hoped to go shooting over the other. Just at the nick of time came an invitation from the proprietor himself; and when my sister Sophie slyly inquired of me when I intended to pay my visit to Eichenwald, "To-morrow," exclaimed I, briskly. And so, indeed, I did.

Eichenwald is close to Fishamund, and Fishamund is three and a half good German miles from Vienna. How to get there! My dear fellow, it has always been one of the fatalities of my existence that at the precise moment when I had the least money I was certain to have the most need of it. What with the *glace* boots, and the kid gloves, and the cambrics, and an abominable item of twenty guldens schein, without the payments of which I could not release my bournouse—it was new then—from the hands of the inflexible tailor, I found myself with only so much cash as would pay the post-wagon to my destination. How was I to walk four miles in varnished leather boots? and what would become of the little delicacies of my toilet if I did? If I went by post, what a miserable figure should I cut with scarcely a zwanziger in the silken purse which sister Sophie had woven for me in anticipation of the visit! Here was a dilemma. In my indecision I missed the post, and after a vain attempt to cajole or awe two or three fiacre drivers at the Linie into carrying my magnificence half-way for a reasonable fare, I tossed my bournouse over my shoulder, pointed my moustache with violent determination, and started off on my way on foot, resolved to throw myself, for the fiftieth time at least, upon the generosity of fortune. And a pretty jade's trick she played me!

I had not gone far when I heard the clatter of a country wagon behind me.

"Hullica!" shouted I to the driver. "Whither away?"

"To Regelsbrun, Eurer Gnaden," was the reply.

"That is beyond Fishamund, is it not?" I asked.

"Three miles by the high road, Eurer Gnaden," said he.

"Then I'll thee what it is, my lad; give me a lift to Fishamund, and here is a zwanziger for thee."

The jolly peasant grinned from ear to ear, and held out his hand.

"Can I assist your grace to mount?" said he, and in a moment I was by his side, full of hopeful anticipations for the termination of my journey. The cart was filled with—what do you think?—onions, all loose, and full to the very brim! But my charioteer laid a clean sack over them, and on this reposed my bournouse in all its regal magnificence; and so we rattled happily on until we came to Schwechat.

"Halt here!" exclaimed I, "let's take a schnapp."

So we both got down, and found our way into the village tavern in less time than it takes me to tell it; my driver, however, turning a wistful eye towards his horse as he came, which I learned to understand five minutes later much better than I did then—more's the pity! Scarcely had we got our liquor before us, and were raising it to our lips, when a great clatter was heard outside, and the driver dashed down his glass, and with a yell ran to the door.

"Ei, Gottes Himmel!" shouted he. "Mathias has bolted!"

Mathias was the horse, and, sure enough, he had set off, helter skelter along the road, with the onions hopping about his ears like live creatures. There was no time to consider, so we took the road with a bound; but whether we should ever have overtaken Mathias or not, must remain forever undecided, seeing that after a hard run he was brought short up by a stranger who was ahead of him, and who dexterously caught him by the bridle, when in full career. It was something short of compliments which met Mathias' ears when we came panting up by his side. How his master swore! For my part, I was too busy with my unlucky bournous, which, pounded in among the onions, I dragged out with much difficulty, to pay much attention to the horse; but I believe he got his full share of abuse, notwithstanding all that.

We thanked the stranger for his timely assistance, and having again made things as snug and compact as possible, sprang into our vehicle and started off afresh upon our journey. My only satisfaction was that Mathias had taken the road forward, so that with all our trouble we had been progressing, and that at even a more rapid rate than we had intended. Another hour's ride brought us to Fishamund, and I bade adieu to Mathias and his master, by no means dissatisfied to find myself so near my journey's end. My toilet was terribly disturbed by the run and ride. I freshened myself up in the best way I could under the circumstances, and began to feel happier at every step I advanced up the romantically wooded lane which led to Eichenwald.

Half an hour's walk up the steep path brought me to a gateway of open woodwork, and a few paces beyond stood a comely old gentleman, in a loose garden costume, crowned by a green skull cap, with an enormous tip. This was old Stralich himself, whom I embraced with all the affectionate ardor of a future son-in-law. The next half hour was delightful. The meeting with the two girls, Amalie and Rosa, all smiles and blushes, seemed only a presage of the pleasure that was to come; while the savory odor which greeted my entrance into the house was an agreeable foretaste, considering how hungry I was, of the carnal comforts which were in store for me. I was in high glee. I had made a capital *debut*; I felt myself already at home, and as I sat down to the tasty luncheon spread for me, I drained a glass of wine in a silent toast to my own success.

I was deep in a cold pasty, when Madame—beg her pardon—the Frau von Stralich, entered the room. Nothing could be more gracious than her reception of me; and as the Frau was of an ancient family, and extensively formal, and it was something to gain her favor, I congratulated myself again upon my good fortune. The good lady, however, betrayed some uneasiness for which I could not account, and after sniffing about the room for some time, suddenly exclaimed—

"What have they served you with, Herr Plutz—onions?"

Some vague recollections of Mathias and the cart struggled through my happier thoughts for a moment, but I gave no serious attention to them, and having regaled myself to my satisfaction, sauntered back into the receiving room, bearing upon my arm—dolt that I was!—my unlucky bournouse. With a sort of fatality which I cannot now understand, I persisted in placing it in the most conspicuous position; paraded it about like a horse; laid it out upon the best chair; and yet was so blind and senseless in my own vanity as not to perceive that it reeked like a very polecat, and had a full grown onion, half crushed, in one pocket.

"Phew!" exclaimed old Stralich, as he entered from the garden, "who has been peeling onions in the room?"

Suddenly I fell upon the scent. It came upon me in strength like the odor of an orange grove, only of a different flavor. I knew well whence it came; but it was too late to smuggle my bournouse into the ante-chamber, for, at the very moment, the two girls came flowing into the room, as fresh as the flowers, and rustling and fluttering in new silks and ribbons. I forgot my bournouse in the excitement caused by their entrance, and for the next half hour was as happy as a prince, laughing and chatting about Vienna, its theatres, its concerts and ball-saloons; and became so utterly oblivious of Mathias and the onion cart, that, with cool effrontery, I answered old Stralich's inquiries as to how I had come, by the blunt lie that I had come to Fishamund by post. I little thought of the net I was weaving for myself.

Old Stralich was proud of his daughters, but still prouder of his son, Franz. Francis, more properly speaking, had been despatched on a mission to a neighboring landherr near Schweichat, and was momentarily expected with a company of young people, invited on my account. Speaking of him, we naturally fell upon the subject of youthful gaieties; of the belles and gallants of the capital; of the last new fashions; and then, as ill luck would have it, upon my bournouse, which was the last effort of inspiration of my Viennese tailor. Old Stralich must needs examine it, but had scarcely got it fairly into his hands than he let it fall, with the exclamation—"Phew! those onions again!" The devil was in the bournouse—it seemed to breathe onions.

At this moment we heard a merry shout in the garden, which saved me from any explanation, for Rosa ran to the window, and, clasping her hands with joy, cried out with a happy laugh, "Here comes Franz, and the three Spitzidls with him!"

We all rose to receive such distinguished company; for a qualm of nervousness came over me as the fear lest young Stralich, of whom I knew nothing, should be formal or disagreeable enough to spoil all my previous success, flashed over my mind. But the hitch was not there. He entered the room with a springy step, stretching out his hand as he advanced towards me. I felt the blood rush up into the very roots of my hair, for, as he grasped my hand, he gave a shout of surprise, and, with a loud laugh, exclaimed, "Himmell! is it you, Herr Plutz!"

By all that was *mal-apropos* and diabolical, it was the very stranger who had stopped Mathias on the road when he bolted with the onion cart! What was I to do? I laughed also, in the very bitterness of anguish, as, in answer to the eager questioning of the two girls and old Stralich, concerning the manner of our acquaintanceship, Franz related the story of my mishap, describing with a humorous fidelity, the whole scene of the bolt, the race, and the capture. The three Spitzidls were come in, too—tall, raw lads, with monstrous ears, and they joined in the merriment with huge guffaws. I hated them from my heart out.

I was afraid to look at Amalie and Rosa! but I felt rather than saw that they looked wonderingly at me, and did not join in the general laugh. Frau von Stralich giggled hysterically, and then checking herself with a gulp, serenely expressed her satisfaction at having found out the secret of the onions. As for old Stralich, he stood with his hands behind his back, and a heavy smile upon his face, till, taking the assumed unconcern and gaiety with which I tried to hide my vexation for unblushing effrontery, he turned suddenly upon me with the grave severity of a judge, and said, "I thought you came by the post, sir?"

This was the finishing stroke. I scarcely knew what answer I returned. I was abashed, humiliated, and could only take refuge in a noisy, unnatural hilarity. Amalie was lost—I knew that; and, in the rage of despair, I could have tied myself up in my own bournouse, onions and all, and flung myself into the Danube. However, I did not; but took suddenly ill instead, and came home that very night—by post!

I never saw the Stralichs or Eichenwalds again. Amalie is married, and I am not; and I often think that if I had only had the courage to keep to the truth and to tell my own story, what a capital hit it would have been.

So, now, concluded my friend Max, with a sigh, I have told thee how it happened; let it be a warning to thee when thou goest a courting.

LIFE'S PICTURES.

Aunt Kissy's Notions of Honesty.

By Mrs. Frances D. Gage.

"Don't call that man honest," said aunt Kissy, looking up at uncle Zeke over her spectacles, and biting off the end of her thread with a vim that made the snap sound like the crack of a pistol.

"Why not; I never knew deacon Belt guilty of anything that seemed dishonest in my life, and I have done business with him off and on for twenty years. There is no more honest man than he, though he is hard as granite in his deal; he will have his own way, but I don't know that he ever takes anything from anybody. If a feller undertakes to get the better of him in a trade, he lets him know it before he gets through with him."

"I guess he does!" responded aunt Keziah, with a toss of her head, as she drew her long thread of Coate's cotton, No. 50, through the eye of her needle with a whiz, and snapped a knot in the end with her left fore finger and thumb, preparatory to hemming the flap of uncle Zeke's new coat.

"Well, I reckon a man has a right to his own; and if the Deacon stands up for that, and neither gives nor takes, it ain't no more than right, and so I say that deacon Belt is an honest man, if he is hard on folks now and then. I can stand most anything, if I know a man is honest."

"Hard now and then!—Zekiel, did you ever know him anything else but hard?" asked aunt, with another quick jerk. "Did you ever go into his house without being robbed? Did you ever meet him in the street, without being poorer after he had passed by? Does he ever meet us in an evening party that he does not defraud the whole company. He cheats his wife, cheats his children, cheats his workmen, cheats his church, and makes everybody poorer that comes within the sound of his voice; cheats even the horse that he rides; and—"

"Why, Kissy, you are crazy. What do you mean? Deacon Belt never cheated anybody."

"Never did, hey! Did I not hear you say, when you was a young man, and worked for him a year, that you would rather work for Mr. Spaulding for nothing, than for Deacon Belt for double wages—that he made you unhappy all the year round by his snapping, and snarling, and haggling about a few coppers, or a few minutes' time? Did he not task you, and exact of you all that could be crowded into your hours of labor? Did he not rob you of happiness, and cheerfulness, and good feeling?"

"Oh! yes, that's all true, but then he paid me my cash."

"But cheated you of happiness and comfort. Did you not tell me, the other day, that your call to receive your money of him gave you the 'blues' for a week, because of his moroseness and severity on the neighbors: and did you not tell me that he spoke so harshly to his wife, because one of his children made a noise, that she turned pale, and red, and then, almost smothered with suppressed tears, left the room; was he not robbing her of that which was better than money? Did you not tell me yourself that you pitied his children, who were never happy in his presence, and dared not give a shout of joy or pass a jest, if he was within half a mile of the house? Is he not cheating them out of the joyousness of childhood?"

"Well, I'll own his disposition ain't the sweetest that ever was."

"Don't call such a man honest simply because he pays you what he owes, to the fortieth part of a cent, or never forgets a contract that involves money, when he defrauds you of everything else. True honesty should be measured by the golden rule, doing as you would be done by. Deacon Belt allows no man, woman, child, or beast to be happy, or even cheerful where he is. Meet him on the road, and while you chat with him, he worries your horse by whipping his own, and cheats him out of a moment's rest. He denies to children amusement, because he does not want it himself. His wife does not venture an opinion, because she knows he will contradict and perhaps insinuate at the same time that she is a fool. Call his attention to a beautiful sunset, and he will spoil it to your eye by some disgusting allusion or hateful sneer. Admire the flower garden, and he will condemn the man for not putting his time to better advantage, and blacken the beauties of nature by some tale of unworthiness in his neighbor; and so, like a great thief, he goes on from day to day, robbing every one that he meets of something which is better than gold, and making their burdens of life heavier and harder to be borne, because he is so honest that he can't afford to be comfortable. Talk as much as you please about honesty, I would rather a man would take my day's earnings, than to purloin all my good feelings; rob my sunshine of its glow, my landscape of its flowers, childhood of its mirth, and home of its cheerful